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William Miller 1820.

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William Miller
4 Hope Park
Edinburgh.



fford

LOVE of FAME,
THE
UNIVERSAL PASSION.
IN
SEVEN CHARACTERISTICAL
S A T I R E S.
~~With Thomson's Castle of Intolerance~~

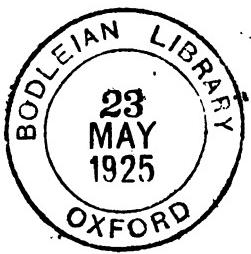
—*Fulgente trabit confrictos Gloria curru
Non minus ignotos, generosis.* H. O. R.

The FOURTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

M DCC XLI.





P R E F A C E.

THese Satires have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conscious of the least malevolence to any particular person thro' all the Characters; tho' some persons may be so selfish, as to engross a general application to themselves. A writer in polite letters should be content with reputation, the private amusement he finds in his compositions, the good influence they have on his severer studies, that admission they give him

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him to his superiors, and the possible good effect he may have on the publick ; or else they should join to his Politeness some more lucrative qualification.

But it is possible that Satire may not do much good. Men may rise in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abus'd by others. It is much *to be fear'd* that misconduct will never be chaced out of the world by *Satire*; all therefore that is to be said for it, is, that misconduct will *certainly* be never chaced out of the world by *Satire*, if no *Satires* are written. Which is applicable, likewise, to graver compositions. *Ethics Heathen* and *Christian*, and the *Scriptures* themselves are, in a great measure, a *Satire* on the weakness, and iniquity of men; and some part of that *Satire* is in verse, too. Nay in the first ages,

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ages, Philosophy and Poetry were the same thing ; wisdom wore no other dress. So that, I hope, these Satires will be the more easily pardon'd that misfortune by the Severe. If they like not the fashion, let them take them by the weight ; for some weight they have, or the Author has fail'd of his aim. Nay, *Historians* themselves may be consider'd as Satirists, and Satirists most severe ; since such are most human Actions, that to *relate*, is to *expose* them.

No man can converse much in the world, but, at what he meets with, he must either be insensible, or grieve, or be angry, or smile. Some passion (if we are not impassive) must be mov'd ; for the general conduct of mankind is, by no means, a thing *indifferent*, to a reasonable and virtuous man. Now to smile at it, and turn it into ridicule, I think most eligible,

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ble; as it hurts our selves least, and gives vice, and folly the greatest offence: And that for *this* reason; because what men aim at by them, is, generally publick opinion and esteem. Which truth is the subject of the following Satires; and joins them together, as several branches from the same root. An unity of design, which has not (I think) in a set of Satires been attempted before.

Laughing at the misconduct of the world, will, in a great measure, ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. One passion is more effectually driven out by another, than by reason; whatever some may teach. For to reason we owe our passions; had we not reason, we should not be offended at what we find amiss. And the *cause* seems not to be the natural cure of any *effect*.

Moreover,

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Moreover, *laughing Satire* bids the fairest for success. The world is too proud to be fond of a serious Tutor: And when an Author is in a passion, the laugh, generally, as in conversation, turns against him. This kind of Satire only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy *Horace* is the best master: He appears in good humour while he censures; and therefore his censure has the more weight, as supposed to proceed from Judgment, not from Passion. *Juvenal* is ever in a passion; he has little valuable but his Eloquence, and Morality: The last of which I have had in my eye, but rather for emulation, than imitation, thro' my whole work.

But tho' I, comparatively, condemn *Juvenal*, in part of the sixth Satire (where the occasion most requir'd it) I
endeav-

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endeavour'd to touch on his manner; but was forced to quit it soon, as disagreeable to the Writer, and Reader too. *Boileau* has join'd both the *Roman Satirists* with great success; but has too much of *Juvenal* in his very serious Satire on Women, which should have been the gayest of all. An excellent critick of our own commends *Boileau's* closeness, or, as he calls it, *pressness*, particularly: Whereas it appears to me, that Repetition is his fault; if any fault should be imputed to him.

There are some Prose-Satirists of the greatest Delicacy, and Wit; the last of which can never, or should never succeed, without the former. An Author, without it, betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himself; which are bad Advocates for reputation, and success. What a difference

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difference is there between the *merit*, if not the *wit* of *Cervantes*, and *Rabelais*? The last has a particular art of throwing a great deal of Genius, and Learning into Frolick, and jest; but the Genius and the Scholar is all you can admire; you want the Gentleman to converse with, in him. He is like a criminal who receives his life for some services; you commend, but you pardon, too. Indecency offends our pride, as men, and our unaffected taste, as judges of composition. Nature has wisely form'd us with an aversion to it: And he that succeeds in spight of it, is, * *aliena venia, quam sua providentia Tuior.*

Such Wits, like false Oracles of old, (which were Wits, and Cheats,) should set up for reputation among the *weak*; in some *Bœcia*, which was the land of Oracles; for the *wise* will hold them

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in contempt. Some Wits too, like Oracles, deal in *ambiguities*; but not with equal success; for tho' ambiguities are the *first* excellence of an Impostor, they are the *last* of a Wit.

Some Satirical Wits, and Humorists, like their Father *Lucian*, laugh at every thing indiscriminately; which betrays such a poverty of wit, as cannot afford to part with any thing; and such a want of virtue, as to postpone it to a jest. Such writers encourage Vice and Folly, which they pretend to combat, by setting them on an equal foot with better things: And while they labour to bring every thing into contempt, how can they expect their own parts should escape? Some *French* writers, particularly, are guilty of this, in matters of the last consequence, and some of our own.

They

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They that are for lessening the true dignity of mankind, are not sure of being successful, but with regard to *one individual* in it. It is this conduct that justly makes a *wit* a term of reproach.

Which puts me in mind of *Plato's* fable of the birth of *Love*; one of the prettiest fables of all antiquity; which will hold likewise with regard to modern *Poetry*. *Love*, says he, is the son of the goddess *Poverty*, and the god *Riches*; he has from his *father*, his daring *Genius*, his *Elevation of thought*, his *building castles in the Air*; his *prodigality*; his *neglect of things serious and useful*; his *vain opinion of his own merit*, and his *affectation of preference, and distinction*. From his *mother*, he inherits his *indigence*, which makes him a constant beggar of favours; that *importunity*, with which he begs; his *flattery*;

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flattery ; his servility ; his fear of being despis'd, which is inseparable from him. This addition may be made, (*viz.*) That Poetry, like Love, is a little subject to *blindness*, which makes her mistake her way to preferments, and honours ; that, she has her Satirical *Quiver* ; and lastly, that she retains a dutiful admiration for her *father's* family ; but divides her favours, and generally lives with her *mother's* relations.

However, this is not *necessity* but *choice* ; were Wisdom her governess, she might have much more of the father, than the mother ; especially in such an Age as this, which shows a due passion for her charms.



LOVE

LOVE of FAME,

THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

SATIRE I.

To His GRACE the

D U K E of D O R S E T.

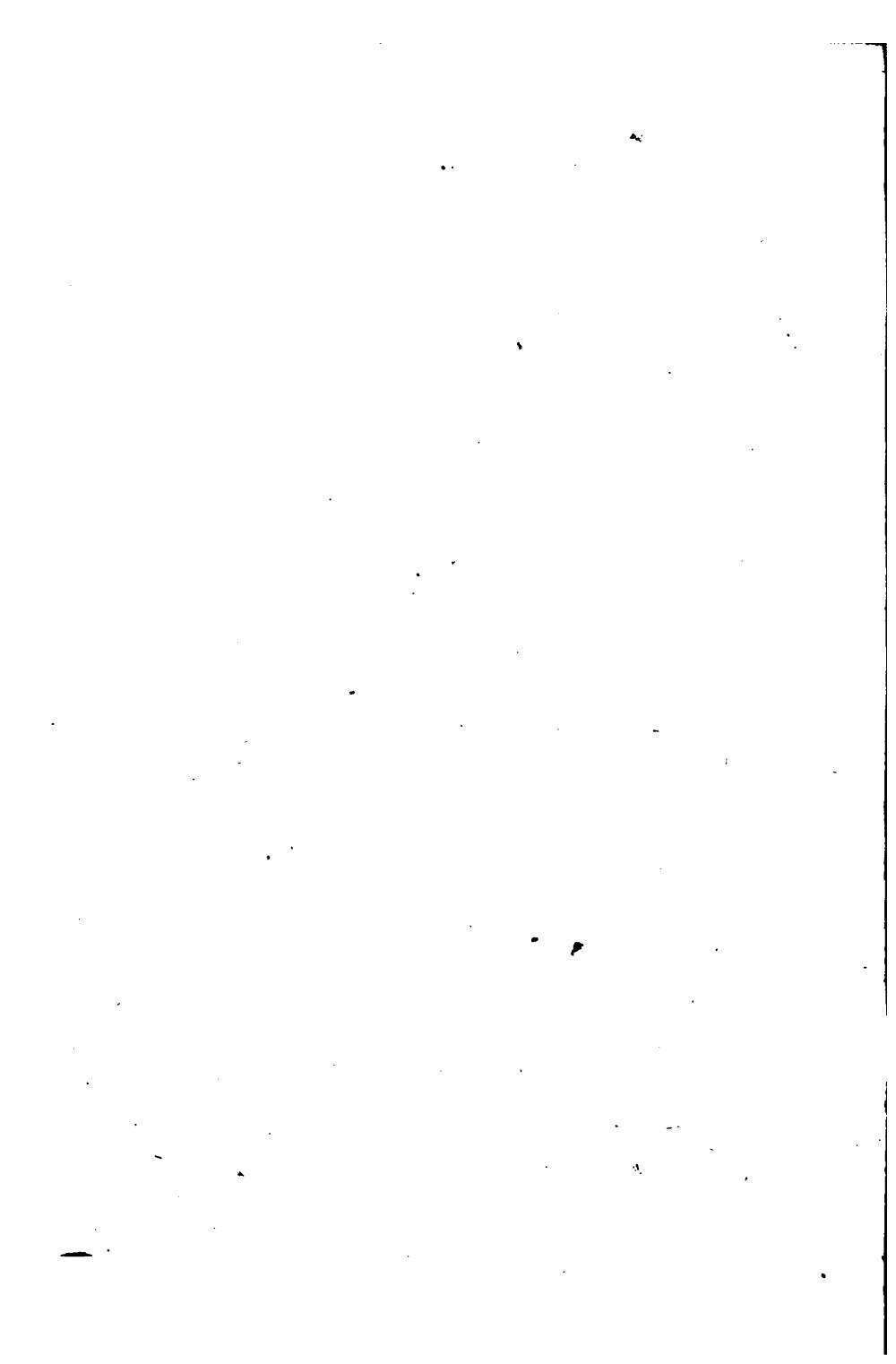
—*Tanto major Famæ fitis est, quam
Virtutis.*

Juv. Sat. 10.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCXLI.

B





S A T I R E I.

To His GRACE the
D U K E of D O R S E T.

MY Verse is Satire; DORSET, lend your ear,
And *patronize* a Muse You cannot *fear*,
To poets sacred is a DORSET's name,
Their wonted passport thro' the gates of Fame ;
It *bribes* the partial reader into praise,
And throws a Glory round the shelter'd lays ;
The dazzled Judgment fewer faults can see,
And gives applause to *B——e*, or to *Me*.
But You decline the *mistress* we pursue ;
Others are fond of *Fame*, but *Fame* of You,

INSTRUCTIVE Satire, true to Virtue's cause !
Thou shining *supplement* of publick *laws* !
When *flatter'd crimes* of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage ;
When *purchas'd follies* from each distant land,
Like Arts improve in *Britain's* skilful hand ;
When the *Law* shews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And *South-Sea* treasures are not brought to light ;
When *Churchmen* Scripture for the Classics quit,
Polite Apostates from God's *grace* to *wit* ;
When men grow great from their *revenue spent*,
And fly from *Bayliffs* into *Parliament* ;
When dying Sinners, to blot out their score,
Bequeath the *church* the leavings of a *whore* ;
To chafe our spleen when Themes like these
increase,
Shall *panegyrick* reign, and *censure* cease !

Shall

Sat. I. *The Universal Passion.*

5

Shall *poesy*, like *law*, turn wrong to right,
And Dedications wash an *Aethiop* white,
Set up each senseless wretch for nature's boast,
On whom praise shines, as *trophies* on a *post*?
Shall Funeral eloquence her colours spread,
And scatter roses on the wealthy Dead ?
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And *satyrize* with nothing—but their *praise*?

Why slumbers *Pope*, who leads the tuneful train,
Nor hears that Virtue, which he loves, complain?
Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester are dead,
And guilt's chief foe in *Addison* is fled;
Congreve, who crown'd with lawrels fairly won,
Sits smiling at the Goal while Others run,
He will not write; and (more provoking still!)
Ye Gods! he will not write, and *Marvius* will.
Doubly distrest, what author shall we find
Discreetly daring, and severely kind,

6 *LOVE of FAME*, Sat. I.

The courtly * *Roman's* shining path to tread,
 And sharply *smile* prevailing Folly dead?
 Will no superior Genius snatch the quill,
 And save me, on the brink, from writing ill?
 Tho' vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise.
 What will not men attempt for *sacred praise*?

The *love of praise*, howe'er conceal'd by art,
 Reigns more, or less, and glows in every heart:
 The *proud* to gain it toils on toils endure,
 The *modest* shun it, but to make it sure.
 O'er globes, and scepters, now, on Thrones it swells,
 Now, trims the midnight lamp in College-cells.
 'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
 Harangues in Senates, squeaks in Masquerades.
 Here, to *S——e's* *bumour* makes a bold pretence;
 There, bolder aims at *P——y's* *eloquence*.

Sat. I. *The Universal Passion.*

7

It aids the *dancer's* heel, the *writer's* head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with *life*; but nods in fable *plumes*,
Adorns our *verse*, and flatters on our *tombs*.

What is not *proud*? The *pimp* is proud to see
So many like himself in high degree:
The *whore* is proud her beauties are the dread
Of peevish virtue, and the marriage-bed;
And the bri'b'd *cuckold*, like crown'd victims born
To slaughter, glories in his gilded Horn.



Some go to Church, *proud* humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went:
One way they *look*, another way they *steer*,
Pray to the Gods; but would have Mortals hear;
And when their sins they set sincerenly down,
They'll find that their Religion has been one.

B 4

Others

Others with wishful eyes on *glory* look,
When they have got their *picture* towards a book,
Or pompous *title*, like a gawdy Sign
Meant to betray dull Sots to wretched wine.
If at his Title *T*—— had dropt his quill,
T—— might have past for a great genius still;
But *T*—— alas! (excuse him, if you can)
Is now a *scribbler*, who was once a *man*.

Imperious Some a Classic *fame* demand,
For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
A waggon-load of meanings for *one* word,
While *A*'s *depos'd* and *B* with pomp *refor'd*.

Some for *renown* on scraps of Learning doat,
And think they grow immortal as they *quote*.
To Patch-work learn'd Quotations are ally'd,
Both strive to make our *poverty* our *pride*.

On *Glas's* how witty is a noble Peer?
Did ever Diamond cost a man so *dear*?

Polite

Polite Diseases make some Ideots *vain*,
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.

Of Folly, Vice, Disease, men proud we see;
And (stranger still!) of Blockhead's flattery,
Whose Praife defames; as if a Fool should mean
By spitting on your face to make it clean.

Nor is't enough all hearts are swoln with *pride*,
Her *power* is mighty, as her *realm* is wide.
What can she not perform? The love of Fame
Made bold *Alphonsus* his Creator blame,
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning Steep,
And (stronger still!) made *Alexander* weep.
Nay it holds *Delia* from a second bed,
Tho' her lov'd Lord has four half months been dead.

This Passion with a *pimple* have I seen
Retard a Cause, and give a Judge the spleen.

By

By *this* inspir'd (O! ne'er be forgot)
Some Lords have learnt to *spell*, and some to *knot*.
It makes *Globe* a Speaker in the House;
He Hems, and is deliver'd of his Mouse.
It makes *dear self* on well-bred tongues prevail,
And *I* the little *Hero* of each Tale.

Sick with the *love of Fame* what throngs pour in,
Unpeople *court*, and leave the *Senate* thin?
My growing Subject seems but just begun,
And, Chariot-like, I kindle as I run.
Aid me, great *Homer!* with thy *Epic* rules
To take a catalogue of *British* fools.
Satire! had I thy *Dorset's* force divine,
A Knave, or Fool should perish in each line;
Tho' for the First all *Westminster* should plead,
And for the last all *Gresham* intercede.

Begin

Begin. Who first the *Catalogue* shall grace?
To *Quality* belongs the highest place.
My Lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye Vulgar! at your peril give him room:
He stands for *Fame* on his forefathers' feet,
By Heraldry prov'd *valiant*, or *discreet*.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by *three descents* less wise?
If Virtues at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raise his Fathers from the grave.
Men should press forward in *Fame's* glorious chace,
Nobles look *backward*, and so lose the race.
Let high Birth triumph! What can be more great?
Nothing — but Merit in a low estate.
To Virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, tho' descended from the Conqueror.

Shall

Shall men, like *figures*, pass for high, or base,
Slight, or important, only by their Place ?
Titles are marks of *honest* men, and *wise* ;
The Fool, or Knave that wears a Title, *lies*.

They that on glorious Ancestors inlarge,
Produce their *debt*, instead of their *discharge*.

Dorset, let those who proudly boast their Line,
Like Thee, in worth hereditary, shine.

Vain as false Greatness is, the Muse must own
We want not fools to buy that *Bristol* stone.
Mean sons of Earth, who on a *South-sea* tyde
Of full success swam into *wealth*, and *pride*,
Knock with a purse of gold at *Anfitis'* gate,
And beg to be descended from the Great.

When men of Infamy to Grandeur soar,
They light a torch to shew their shame the more.

Those

Those Governments which *curb* not Evils, *cause* ;
And a rich Knave's a *libel* on our laws.

Belus with solid *glory* will be crown'd ;
He buys no Phantome, no vain empty found,
But *builds* himself a name; and to be great,
Sinks in a *Quarry* an immense estate ;
In cost, and grandeur *C——dos* he'll out-do,
And, *B——l——ton*, thy Taste is not so true.
The Pile is finisht, every toil is past,
And full perfection is arriv'd at last ;
When lo! my Lord to some small Corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to *strangers*, and to *duns*.

The man who *Builds*, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a Home from which to run away.
In *Britain* what is many a lordly Seat
But a Discharge in full for an estate ?

In smaller compas lies *Pygmalion's* Fame ;
Not Domes, but Antique statues are his Flame.
Not *F—t—n's* self more *Parian* charms has known ;
Nor is good *P—b—ke* more in love with Stone.
The Bayliffs come (rude men, prophanelly bold !)
And bid him turn his *Venus* into gold.
“ No, Sirs, he cries, I'll sooner rot in Jayl.
“ Shall *Grecian* Arts be truckt for *English* Bayl ?
Such *Heads* might make their very *Busto's* laugh.
His Daughter starves, but * *Cleopatra's* safe.
Men overloaded with a large estate
My spill their treasure in a nice Conceit ;
The rich may be polite, but Oh! 'tis sad
To say you're *curious*, when we swear you're *mad*.
By your Revenue measure your expence,
And to your *funds* and *acres* join your *sense* :

* A famous statue.

No man is blest by *accident*, or *guess*,
True *wisdom* is the price of *happiness* ;
Yet few without long discipline are sage,
And our *youth* only lays up sighs for *age*.

But how, my Muse, canst thou refuse so long
The bright temptation of the Courtly throng,
Thy most inviting Theme? the *court* affords
Much food for Satire, it abounds in Lords.
“ What Lords are those saluting with a grin?”
One is just *out*, and One as lately *in*.
“ How comes it then to pass we see preside
“ On both their brows an equal share of *pride*? ”
Pride, that impartial passion, reigns thro’ all,
Attends our Glory, nor deserts our Fall.
As in its Home, it triumphs in *high-place*,
And frowns a haughty Exile in *disgrace*.

Some

Some Lords it bids admire their Wands so white,
 Which bloom, like *Aaron's*, to their ravish't sight;
 Some Lords it bids *reign*, and turns their wands,
 Like *Moses*, into Serpents in their hands.
 These sink, as Divers, for renown; and boast
 With pride *inverted* of their Honours lost.
 But against Reason sure 'tis equal sin
 To boast of meerly being *out*, or *in*!

What numbers, *bere*, thro' odd Ambition strive
 To seem the most transported Things alive?
 As if by joy *desert* was understood,
 And all the fortunate were *wise*, or *good*.
 Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
 And stifled Groans frequent the Ball, and Play.
 Compleatly drest by * *Monteuil*, and Grimace,
 They take their *birth-day* suit, and *publick* face;

A famous Taylor.

Their

Their smiles are only part of what they *wear*,
Put off at night with Lady *B*—’s hair.
What bodily fatigue is half so bad?
With anxious *care* they labour to be *glad*.

What numbers, *bere*, would into Fame advance,
Conscious of merit in the Coxcomb’s *dance*?
The Tavern! Park! Assembly! Mask! and Play!
Those dear destroyers of the tedious day!
That Wheel of Fops! that Saunter of the Town!
Call it *diversion*, and the *pill* goes down;
Fools grin on Fool, and *Stoic*-like, support,
Without one figh, the *pleasures* of a Court.
Courts can give nothing to the *wise*, and *good*,
But scorn of Pomp, and love of Solitude.
High stations *tumult*, but not *bliss* create;
None think the Great unhappy, but the Great;

Fools gaze, and envy ; Envy darts a sting,
Which makes a Swain as wretched as a King.

I envy none their Pageantry, and show,
I envy none the *gilding* of their woe.
Give me, indulgent Gods ! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart to range the sylvan scene.
No splendid Poverty, no smiling Care,
No well-bred Hate, or servile Grandeur *there* ;
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest,
The *sense* is ravish'd, and the *soul* is blest ;
On every Thorn delightful Wisdom grows,
In every Rill a sweet Instruction flows :
But some, *untaught*, o'erhear the whisp'ring rill,
In spight of sacred Leisure Blockheads still,
Nor shoots up Folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native soil, the *drawing-room*.

The Squire is *proud* to see his Courser strain,
Or well-breath'd Beagles sweep along the plain.
Say, dear *Hippolitus*, (whose drink is Ale,
Whose Erudition is a *Christmas-tale*,
Whose Mistress is saluted with a smack,
And Friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
When thy sleek Gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And *Ringwood* opens on the tainted ground,
Is That *tby* praise ? Let *Ringwood's* fame alone,
Just *Ringwood* leaves each Animal his own,
Nor envies when a Gypsy *you* Commit,
And shake the clumsy *bench* with Country wit ;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the *jeft* you made.

Here breathe my Muse ! and then thy task renew,
Ten thousand Fools unsung are still in view.

Fewer Lay-atheists made by church-debates ;
Fewer Great Beggars fam'd for large estates ;
Ladies, whose Love is constant as the wind ;
Cits, who prefer a Guinea to mankind ;
Fewer grave Lords to *Scr—pe* discreetly bend :
And fewer *shocks* a Statesman gives his *friend*.

Is there a man of an eternal Vein,
Who lulls the Town in *winter* with his strain,
At *Bath* in *summer* chants the reigning *Laws*,
And sweetly *whistles*, as the *waters* pass ?
Is there a Tongue, like *Delia's* o'er her cup,
That runs for Ages without winding-up ?
Is there, whom his *tenth Epic* mounts to Fame ?
Such, and such only might exhaust my Theme ;
Nor would these Heroes of the task be glad ;
For who can *write* so fast as men run *mad* ?



LOVE of FAME,

THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

S A T I R E II.

—Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis. Juv. Sat. 10.



L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year MDCCXLI.





S A T I R E II.

 Y Muse, proceed, and reach thy destin'd
end;

Tho' *toil*, and *danger* the bold task attend.

Heroes, and *Gods* make other poems fine,

Plain Satire calls for *sense* in every line;

Then, to what swarms thy faults I dare expose?

All friends to *vice* and *folly*, are thy foes;

When *such* the foe, a war eternal wage,

'Tis most Ill-nature to *repress* thy rage;

And if these strains some nobler Muse excite,

I'll glory in the Verse I did *not* write.

So weak are human kind by nature made,
 Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,
 Almighty Vanity! to thee they owe
 Their *zeft* of pleasure, and their *balm* of woe.
 Thou, like the Sun, all *colours* dost contain,
 Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain;
 For every soul finds reasons to be proud,
 Tho' hiss'd, and hooted by the pointing crowd,
 Warm in pursuit of Foxes, and Renown,
 * *Hippolitus* demands the *Sylvan* crown ;
 But *Florio's* Fame, the product of a shower,
 Grows in his garden, an illustrious flower!
 Why teems the Earth? why melt the vernal Skies?
 Why shines the Sun? to make † *Paul Diack* rise.
 From morn to night has *Florio* gazing stood,
 And wonder'd how the Gods could be so good.

What

* This refers to the first Satire. † The name of a Tulip.

What shape? what hue? was ever nymph so fair?

He doats! he dies! he too is *rooted* there.

O solid bliss! which nothing can destroy

Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.

In Fame's full bloom lies *Florio* down at night,

And wakes next day a most inglorious Wight;

The Tulip's dead! see thy fair Sister's fate,

O C——! and be kind ere 'tis too late.

Nor are those enemies I mention'd all;

Beware, O Florist, thy ambition's fall.

A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;

A Quaker serv'd him, *Adam* was his name.

To one lov'd Tulip oft the master went,

Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent;

But came, and mist it one ill-fated hour.

He rag'd! he roar'd! "what *Dæmon* cropt my flower?"

Serene, quoth *Adam*, "lo! 'twas crush't by me;

"Fall'n is the *Baal* to which thou bow'dst thy knee."

" But

" But all men want *amusement*, and what crime

" In such a Paradise to fool their time ? "

None ; but why proud of this ? to Fame they soar ;

We grant *t*hey're *Idle*, if they'll ask no more.

We smile at Florists, we despise their joy,

And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy ;

But are those wiser whom we most admire,

Survey with envy, and pursue with fire ?

What's he, who sighs for wealth, or fame, or power ?

Another *Florio* doating on a flower,

A short-liv'd flower, and which has often sprung

From sordid arts, as *Florio*'s out of dung.

With what, O *Codrus* ! is thy fancy smit ?

The *flower* of Learning, and the *bloom* of Wit.

Thy gawdy shelves with crimson Bindings glow,

And *Epicetus* is a perfect Beau.

How

How fit for thee bound up in crimson too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view?
Thy books are *furniture*. Methinks 'tis hard
That Science should be purchas'd by the yard,
And *T—n* turn'd Upholsterer, send home
The gilded Leather to *fit up* thy room.

If not to some peculiar end assign'd,
Study's the specious trifling of the mind ;
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chace for *sport* alone, and not for *game* ;
If so, sure they who the meer *volume* prize,
But love the thicket where the *quarry* lies,

On buying books *Lorenzo* long was bent,
But found at length that it reduc'd his rent,
His farms were flown; when lo! a Sale comes on,
A choice Collection! what is to be done?
He sells his *laſt*; for he the whole will buy;
Sells ev'n his house, nay wants whereon to lye;

So high the generous ardor of the man

For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals ran.

[Clerk,
When Terms were drawn, and brought him by the
Lorenzo sign'd the bargain —— with his *mark*.

Unlearned men of books assume the care,

As Eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not in his authors' *liveries* alone

Is *Codrus'* Erudite ambition shown ?

Editions various, at high prices bought,

Inform the world what *Codrus* would be *tthought* ;

And, to this cost, another must succeed,

To pay a Sage, who *says* that he can read,

Who *titles* knows, and *indexes* has seen ;

But leaves to —— what lies between,

Of pompous books who shuns the proud expence,

And humbly is contented with their *sense*.

O —— whose Accomplishments make good

The *promise* of a long-illustrious Blood,

In *arts*, and *manners* eminently grac'd,
The strictest *honour!* and the finest *taste!*
Accept this verse ; if Satire can agree
With so consummate an *humanity*.



By your example would *Hilario* mend,
How would it grace the talents of my Friend,
Who with the charms of his own genius smit,
Conceives all virtues are compriz'd in Wit?
But time his fervent petulance may cool ;
For tho' he is a *wit*, he is no *fool*.

In time he'll learn to *use*, not *waste* his sense,
Nor make a *frailty* of an *excellence*.

His brisk attack on *blockheads* we should prize,
Were not his jest as flippant with the *wife*.
He spares nor friend, nor foe ; but calls to mind,
Like *Doom's-day*, all the faults of all mankind.

What

What tho' *wit* tickles? Tickling is unsafe,
If still 'tis *painful* while it makes us *laugh*.

Who, for the poor renown of being *smart*,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?

Parts may be prais'd, *good-nature* is ador'd ;
Then draw your *wit* as seldom as your *sword*,
And never on the *weak*; or you'll appear
As there no Hero, no great Genius *here*.
As in smooth oyl the razor best is whet,
So *wit* is by *politeness* sharpest set,
Their want of edge from their *offence* is seen ;
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.
The *fame* men give is for the *joy* they find ;
Dull is the jester, when the joke's *unkind*.

Since *Marcus*, doubtless, thinks himself a *Wit*,
To pay my compliment what place so fit ?
His most facetious * letters came to hand,
Which my first Satire sweetly reprimand.

* Letters sent to the author, sign'd *Marcus*.

If that a *just* offence to *Marcus* gave,
Say, *Marcus*, which, art thou a *fool*, or *knavε*?
For all but such with caution I forbore;
That thou wast either, I ne'er knew before.
I know thee now, both *what* thou art, and *who*;
No Mask so good, but *Marcus* must shine through;
False names are vain, thy lines their author tell,
Thy best concealment had been writing *well*;
But thou a brave neglect of *Fame* hast shown,
Of *others'* fame, great Genius! and thy *own*.
Write on unheeded, and this maxim know;
The man who *pardons*, *disappoints* his foe.

In malice to *proud wits*, some proudly lull
Their *peevish* reason, *vain* of being Dull;
When some home joke has stung their *solemn* souls,
In vengeance they determine —— to be *fools*;

Thro'

Thro' spleen, that little nature gave, make less,
Quite zealous in the ways of *beaviness* ;
To *lumps* inanimate a fondness take,
And disinherit sons that are *awake*.

These, when their utmost venom they would spit,
Most barbarously tell you —— “ *he's a wit.* ”
Poor *Negroes*, thus, to shew their burning spight
To Cacodæmons, say, they're *dev'lifh white*.

Lampridius from the bottom of his breast
Sighs o'er one child, but triumphs in the rest.
How just his *grief*? one carries in his head
A less proportion of the father's lead ;
And is in danger, without special grace,
To rise above a Justice of the peace.
The *dungbil-breed* of men a *Diamond* scorn,
And feel a passion for a *grain of corn*,
Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,

Who

Who with *much* pains exerting *all* his sense,
Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.
The booby-father craves a booby-Son,
And by Heav'n's *blessing* thinks himself *undone*.

Wants of all kinds are made to Fame a plea.
One learns to *lip*, another *not* to see ;
Miss *D*— tottering catches at your hand.
Was ever thing so pretty born to stand ?
Whilst these what nature gave disown thro' Pride,
Others affect what nature has deny'd ;
What nature has deny'd fools will pursue,
As *apes* are ever walking upon *two*.

Craffus a grateful sage, our awe, and sport !
Supports grave forms, for forms the sage support.
He hems, and cries with an important air,
“ If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair : ”

D

Then

Then quotes the *Stagyrite* to prove it true,
And adds, "the learn'd delight in something *new*."
Is't not enough the blockhead scarce can read,
But must be *wisely* look, and *gravely* plead?
As far a *formalist* from *wisdom* fits
In judging eyes, as *libertines* from *wits*.

Yet subtle wights (so blind are mortal men,
Tho' Satire *couch* them with her keenest pen).
For ever will hang out a solemn face,
To put off *nonsense* with the better grace;
As Pedlars with some Hero's head make bold,
Illustrious mark! where *pins* are to be sold.

What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
The *boy's* wisdom to conceal the mind.
A man of sense can *artifice* disdain,
As men of wealth may venture to go *plain*;
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a *sot*.

I find the *fool*, when I behold the *skreen* ;
For 'tis the wifeman's interest to be *seen*.

Hence, ——, that openness of heart,
And just disdain for that poor *mimic*, Art;
Hence (manly praise !) that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend in thee.

With generous scorn how oft hast thou survey'd
Of *court*, and *town* the noon-tyde Masquerade,
Where swarms of *knaves* the Vizor quite disgrace,
And hide secure behind a *naked face*?
Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to *conceal* the mind;
Where generous hearts the greatest hazard run,
And he who trusts a *brother* is undone?

These all their care expend on outward show
For Wealth, and Fame ; for Fame alone, the *Beau*.

Of late at *White's* was young *Florello* seen.

How blank his look? how discompos'd his mein?

So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign!

Sunk were his spirits; for his coat was *plain*.

Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace,

His health was mended with a *silver lace*.

A curious artist long inur'd to toils

Of gentler sort, with combs, and fragrant oyls,

Whether by chance, or by some God inspir'd,

So toucht his *curls*, his mighty soul was fir'd.

The well-swoln tyes an equal homage claim,

And either shoulder has its share of Fame;

His sumptuous *watch-case*, the' conceal'd it lyes,

Like a good *conscience*, solid joy supplies.

He ony thinks himself (so far from vain !)

St—pe in Wit, in Breeding *D—l—ne*.

Whene'er by seeming chance he throws his eye

On mirrors flushing with his *Tyrian* dye,

With

With how sublime a transport leaps his heart?
But Fate ordains that dearest friends must part.
In active measures brought from *France*, he wheels,
And triumphs conscious of his learned *heels*.

So have I seen on some bright summer's day
A Calf of genius debonnair, and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by Fame,
Fond of the *pretty fellow* in the stream.

Moroſe is funk with shame, whene'er surpriz'd
In Linnen clean, or Peruke undisguis'd.
No sublunary chance his vestments fear,
Valu'd, like Leopards, as their *spots* appear.
A fam'd Sur-tout he wears, which *once* was blue,
And his foot swims in a capacious shooe.
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
Levell'd her barbarous *needle* at his Fame;

But open force was vain ; by night she went,
 And, while he slept, surpriz'd the darling *rent* ;
 Where yawn'd the Frize is now become a doubt,
*And Glory at one entrance quite shut out.**

He scorns *Florello*, and *Florello* him,
 This hates the *filthy* creature, that the *prim* ;
 Thus in each other both these fools despise
 Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes ;
 Their methods various, but alike their aim :
 The *slattern*, and the *fopling* are the same.

Ye Whigs and Tories ! thus it fares with you,
 When Party-rage too warmly you pursue ;
 Then both club nonsense, and impetuous pride,
 And *folly* joins whom *sentiments* divide.
 You vent your spleen as monkeys, when they pass,
 Scratch at the mimick-monkey in the glass,
 While both are *one* ; and henceforth be it known,
 Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone.

* *Milton.*

" But

" But who art thou ? " methinks *Florello* cries.

" Of all thy species art thou only wise ? "

Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,

As crossing straws retard a passing Witch,

Florello, thou my monitor shalt be ;

I'll conjure thus some profit out of *Thee*.

O thou my self ! abroad our counsels foam,

And, like ill husbands, take no care at home.

Thou too art wounded with the common dart,

And love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart ;

And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose ?

Know, *fame*, and *fortune* both are made of Prose.

Is thy ambition sweating for a *rhyne*,

Thou unambitious fool, at this late time ?

While I a moment name, a moment's past,

I'm nearer death in *this* verse than the *last* ;

What then is to be done? be wise with speed:
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what so foolish as the chace of Fame?
How vain the prize? how impotent our aim?
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But *bubbles* on the rapid stream of Time,
That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born, and forgot, ten thousand in an hour?



LOVE of FAME,
THE
UNIVERSAL PASSION.

S A T I R E III.

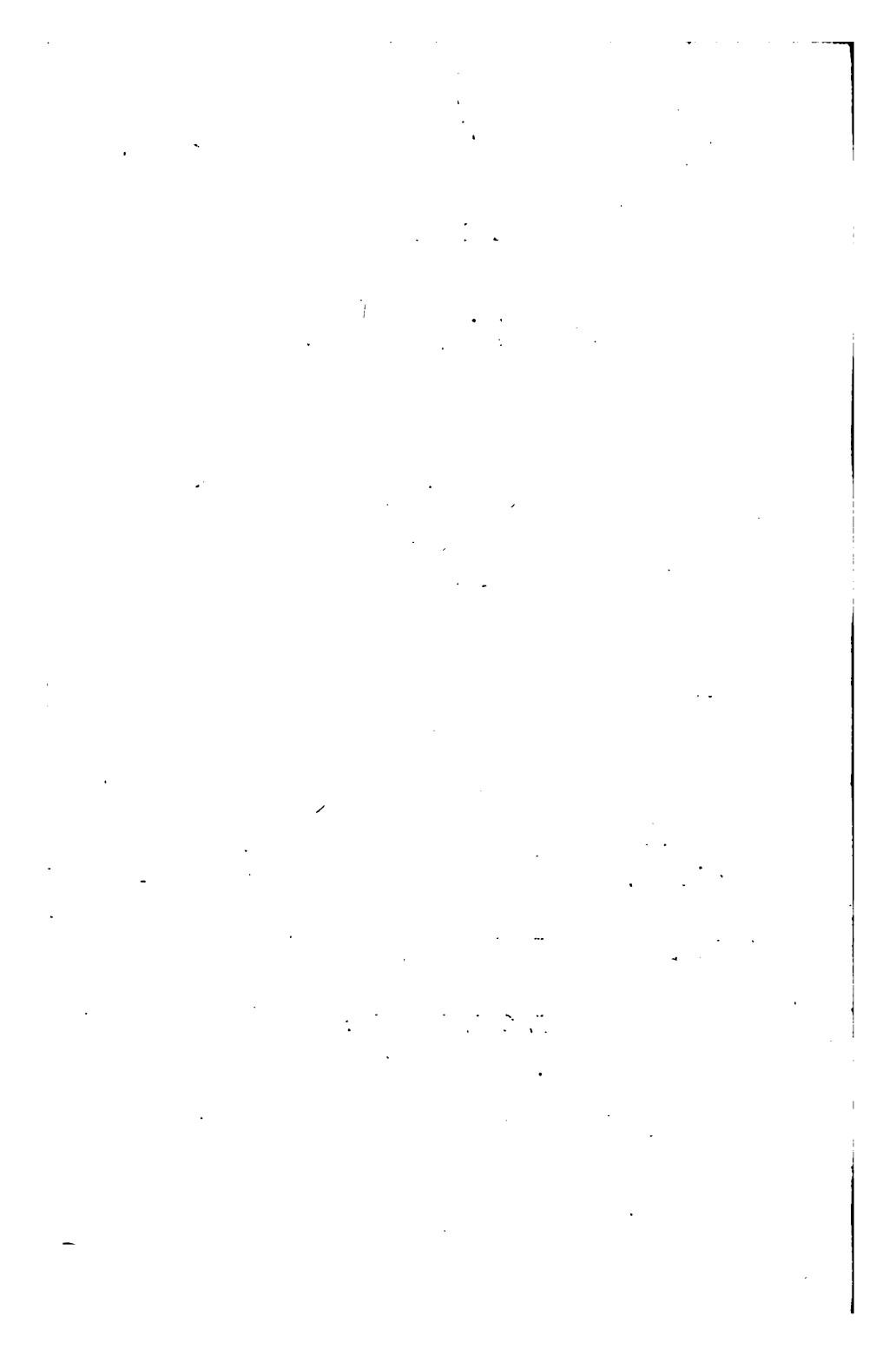
To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Mr. DODDINGTON.

*Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis.* Juv. Sat. 10.

L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year MDCCXLI.





S A T I R E III.

LONG, *Dodington*, in debt, I long have
sought [thought ;
To ease the burthen of my grateful
And now a poet's gratitude you see,
Grant him *two* favours, and he'll ask for *three* ;
For whose the present glory, or the gain ?
You give protection, I a worthless strain,
You love, and feel the poet's sacred flame,
And know the basis of a solid fame ;
Tho' prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the *malice* of a friend ;

Nor

Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
But more to raise my verse, *conceal* your own.

An ill-tim'd modesty ! turn ages o'er,
When wanted *Britain* bright examples more ?
Her *Learning*, and her *Genius* too decays,
And *dark*, and *cold* are her declining days ;
As if men now were of another cast,
They meanly live *on alms* of ages past.
Men still are men, and they, who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold Despair ;
Or, if they fail, they justly still take place
Of such, who *run in debt* for their disgrace,
Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with *improvements* of their own.
We bring some new materials, and what's old
New-cast with care, and in no *borrow'd* mold ;
Late times the verse may read, if these refuse,
And from sour Critics vindicate the muse.

“ Your

" Your work is long," the Critics cry: 'tis true,
And lengthens still, to take in fools like you ;
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame,
For, grow but wise, you rob me of my game ;
As hunted *hags*, who, while the dogs pursue,
Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.

Like the bold bird upon the banks of *Nile*,
That picks the teeth of the dire *crocodile*,
Will I enjoy (dread feast !) the Critic's rage,
And with the fell *destroyer* feed my page.
For what ambitious fools are more to blame
Than those, who thunder in the Critic's name ?
Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in *this*,
To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.

Balbutius muffled in his sable cloak,
Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,

As ravens solemn, and as booding, cries,
Ten thousand worlds for the Three Unities!
Ye Doctors sage, who thro' *Parnassus* teach,
Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.

One judges, as the *weather* dictates, right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night;
Another judges by a surer gage,
An author's *principles*, or *parentage* ;
Since his great ancestors in *Flanders* fell,
The poem, doubtless, must be written well.
Another judges by the writer's *book* ;
Another judges, for he *bought the book* ;
Some judge, their knack of judging-wrong to keep ;
Some judge, because it is too soon to sleep.

Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,
To gain themselves, not give the Writer fame.
The very Best *ambitiously* advise,
Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise;

None

None are at leisure others to reward ;
They scarce will *dann*, but out of self-regard.

Critics on verse, as *squibs* on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state ;
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die.
Rail on, my friends ! what more my verse can crown
Than *Compton's* smile, and your obliging frown ?

Not all on *books* their Criticism waste,
The genius of a *dish* some justly taste,
And *eat* their way to *fame*; with anxious thought
The *salmon* is refus'd, the *turbot* bought.
Impatient art rebukes the sun's delay,
And bids *december* yield the fruits of *may*.
Their various cares in one great point combine,
The business of their lives, that is —— *to dine*,

Half of their precious day they give the *feast*,

And, to a kind *digestion*, spare the rest.

Apicius, here, the taster of the town,

Feeds twice a-week, to settle their renown.

These worthies of the palate guard with care

The sacred annals of their *bills of fare*,

In those choice books their *panegyricks* read,

And scorn the creatures that for *hunger* feed.

If man by *feeding well* commences *great*,

Much more the worm, to whom that man is meat.

To glory some advance a lying claim,

Thieves of renown, and *pilferers* of fame;

Their front supplies what their ambition lacks,

They know a thousand lords, *behind their backs*.

Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,

When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;

And

And *H——y's* eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd sops, by whom she ne'er was seen.
Niger adopts stray libels, wisely prone
To covet shame, still greater than his own.
Batbyllus in the winter of threescore
Belyes his Innocence, and keeps a whore.
Absence of mind *Brabantio* turns to fame,
Learns to *mistake*, nor knows his brother's name,
Has words, and thoughts in nice *disorder* set,
And takes a memorandum to *forget*.
Thus vain, nor knowing what adorns, or blots,
Men *forge the patents*, that create them sots.

As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
So most grow infamous thro' love of praise.
But whence for praise can such an ardor rise,
When those, who bring that incense, we despise?

For such the vanity of great, and small,
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.

Nor can even Satire blame them, for 'tis true
They most have ample cause for what they do.
O! fruitful *Britain!* doubtless thou wast meant
A nurse of *fools* to stock the Continent.

Tho' *Phœbus*, and the Nine for ever mow,
Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow.
The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,
'Till I surpass in length my Lawyer's bill,
A *Welch* descent, which well-paid Heralds damn,
Or, longer still, a *Dutchman's* Epigram.
When cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
In comes a Coxcomb, and I write agen.

I See ! *Tityrus* with merriment possest,
Is burst with laughter, ere he hears the jest ;

What

What need he stay? for when the joke is o'er,
His teeth will be no whiter than before.
Is there of *these*, ye Fair! so great a dearth,
That you need purchase *monkeys* for your mirth?

Some vain of *paintings*, bid the world admire,
Of *houses* some, nay houses that they *bire*;
Some (perfect wisdom!) of a beauteous *wife*,
And boast, like Cordeliers, a scourge for life.

Sometimes, thro' pride, the Sexes change their airs,
My lord *has vapours*, and my lady *swears*;
Then (stranger still!) on turning of the wind,
My lord *wears breeches*, and my lady's *kind*.

To shew the strength, and infamy of *pride*,
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.

What numbers are there, which at once pursue
Praise, and the glory to condemn it, too?

Vincenna knows self-praise betrays to shame,

And therefore lays a stratagem for Fame;

Makes his approach in modesty's disguise

To win applause, and takes it by surprize.

"To err, says he, in small things is my fate."

You know your answer, he's exact in great.

"My style, says he, is rude, and full of faults."

But O! what Sense? what energy of Thoughts?

That he wants Algebra he must confess.

But not a soul to give our arms success.

"Ah! that's a hit indeed, *Vincenna* cries;

"But who in heat of blood was ever wise?

"I own 'twas wrong, when thousands call'd me back,

"To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd attack;

"All say 'twas madness, nor dare I deny;

"Sure never fool so well deserv'd to die."

Could

Could *this* deceive in others, to be free,
It ne'er, *Vincenna*, cou'd deceive in *thee*,
Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue
So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong.
Thou on *one sleeve* wilt thy *revenue* wear,
And haunt the court, without a *prospect* there.
Are these expedients for Renown? confess
Thy little self, that I may Scorn thee less.

Be wise, *Vincenna*, and the court forsake,
Our fortunes there nor *thou*, nor *I* shall make.
Ev'n *men of merit*, ere their point they gain,
In hardy service make a long campaign,
Most manfully besiege the patron's gate,
And oft repuls'd, as oft attack the *great*
With painful art, and application warm,
And take at last some *little place* by storm;
Enough to keep *two shoes* on *sunday* clean,
And *starve* upon discreetly in *Sheer-lane*.

Already *this* thy fortune can afford,
Then starve without the *favour* of my lord.
'Tis true, great fortunes some great men confer ;
But often, ev'n in doing right, they err :
From *caprice*, not from *choice*, their favours come ;
They give, but think it *toil* to know to whom :
The man that's nearest, *yawning* they advance.
'Tis *inhumanity* to *bless* by chance.
If *merit* sues, and *greatness* is so loth
To break its downy trance, I pity *both*.

I grant at court, *Philander*, at his need,
(Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed.
Of every charm, and virtue she's possest.
Philander ! thou art exquisitely blest,
The publick envy ! now then, 'tis allow'd,
The man is found; who may be *justly* proud ;

But,

But, see ! how sickly is Ambition's taste ?
Ambition feeds on trash, and loaths a feast ;
For lo ! *Philander*, of reproach afraid,
In *secret* loves his wife, but *keeps* her maid.

Some nymphs sell reputation, others buy,
And love a market, where the rates run high.
Italian musick's sweet, because 'tis dear ;
Their *vanity* is tickled, not their *ear* ;
Their tastes wou'd lessen, if the prices fell,
And *Shakespear*'s wretched stuff do quite as well ;
Away the disenchanted fair would throng,
And *own*, that *English* is their mother-tongue.

To shew how much our Northern tastes refine,
Imported nymphs our peeresses out-shine ;
While *tradesmen* starve these *Philomels* are gay ;
For generous lords had rather *give*, than *pay*.

O lavish land ! for *found* at such expence ?
But then she saves it in her bills for *sense*.

Musick I passionately love, 'tis plain,
Since for it's sake such Dramas I sustain.
An Opera, like a Pillory, may be said
To nail our *ears* down, but expose our *head*.

Behold the Mafquerade's fantastick scene !
The *Legiflature* join'd with *Drury-lane* !
When *Britain* calls, th' embroider'd Patriots run,
And serve their *country*—if the *dance* is done.
“ Are we not then allow'd to be polite ? ”
Yes, doubtless, but first set your notions right.
Worth of *politeness* is the needful ground,
Where *that* is wanting, *this* can ne'er be found.
Triflers not ev'n in Trifles can excell ;
'Tis *solid* bodies only *polish* well.

Great,

Great, chosen Prophet! for these latter days,
To turn a willing world from righteous ways,
Well, *H—r*, dost thou thy master serve;
Well has he seen his servant shou'd not starve.
Thou to his name hast splendid *temples* rais'd,
In various forms of *worship* seen him prais'd,
Gawdy devotion, like a *Roman*, shown,
And sung sweet anthems in a tongue *unknown*.
Inferior off'rings to thy God of Vice
Are duly paid in *fiddles, cards, and dice*;
Thy sacrifice supream an *hundred maids*!
That solemn rite of midnight *Masquerades*!
If maids the quite-exhausted town denies,
An hundred head of *cuckolds* must suffice.
Thou smil'st, well-pleas'd with the converted land,
To see the *fifty churches* at a stand.
And, that thy ministry may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted still prevail,

Of

Of *minor prophets* a succession sure
The propagation of thy zeal secure.

See Commons, Peers, and Ministers of State
In solemn council met, and deep debate !
What godlike enterprize is taking birth ?
What wonder opens on th' expecting earth ?
'Tis done ! with loud applause the council rings !
Fixt is the fate of *whores*, and *fiddlestrings* !

[like these.
Tho' bold these truths, thou, muse, with truths
Wilt none offend, whom 'tis a praise to please ;
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
Like just *tribunals*, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common sense,
To write a *satire*, which gave none *offence* ?
And, since from *life* I take the draughts you see,
If men dislike them, do they censure *me* ?

On

On then, my muse! and *fools*, and *knaves* expose,
And, since thou canst not make a *friend*, make *foes* ;
The *fool*, and *knaves* 'tis glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend,
The world, where lucky throws to *blockheads* fall,
Knaves know the game, and *honest men* pay all.

How hard for real worth to gain it's price ?

A man shall make his fortune in a trice,
If blest with *plaint*, tho' but slender sense,
Feign'd modesty, and real impudence.

A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
A curse within, a smile upon his face,
A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
Are *prizes* in the lottery of life ;
Genius, and *virtue* they will soon defeat,
And lodge you in the bosom of the *great*.
To *merit*, is but to provide a *pain*
From men's refusing what you ought to gain.

May,

May, *Dodington*, this Maxim fail in you,
Whom my presaging thoughts already view
By *Walpole's* Conduct fir'd, and friendship grac'd,
Still higher in your Prince's favour plac'd ;
And lending, *here*, those awful Councils aid,
Which you, *abroad*, with such success obey'd :
Bear *this* from one, who holds your friendship dear,
What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.



LOVE of FAME,

THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

SATIRE IV.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir SPENCER COMPTON.

—*Tanto major Fama sitis est, quam
Virtutis.*

Juv. Sat. 10.

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S A T I R E IV.

 O U N D some fair tree th' ambitious
wood-bine grows, [boughs:
And breaths her sweets on the supporting
So sweet the *verse*, th' ambitious *verse*, should be,
(O ! pardon mine) that hopes support from Thee ;
Thee, *Compton*, born o'er Senates to preside,
Their *dignity* to raise, their *councils* guide ;
Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
And Kingdoms fates, without ambition, weigh ;
Of distant Virtues nice extreams to blend,
The *crown's* affter, and the *people's* Friend :

Nor

Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,
To listen to the labours of the *muse* ;
Thy Smiles *protect* her, while thy Talents *fire*,
And 'tis but *half* thy glory to *inspire*.

Vext at a publick fame so justly won,
The jealous *Cbremes* is with spleen undone.
Cbremes, for airy pensions of *renown*,
Devotes his service to the *state*, and *crown* ;
All schemes he knows, and knowing, all improves,
Tho' *Britain's* thankless, still *this patriot* loves ;
But patriots differ, some may shed their blood,
He *drinks* his *coffee*, for the publick good ;
Consults the sacred *steam*, and there foresees
What storms, or sunshine Providence decrees,
Knows for each day the *weather* of our fate :
A *Quid-nunc* is an *almanack* of state.

You

You smile, and think *this Statesman* void of use.
Why may not time his secret worth produce?
Since *apes* can roast the choice *cassian nut*,
Since *steeds* of genius are expert at *Put*,
Since half the Senate not content can say,
Geese nations save, and *puppies* plots betray.

What makes *him* model Realms, and counsel Kings?
An incapacity for smaller things.
Poor *Cbremes* can't conduct his own *estate*,
And thence has unkertaken *Europe's* fate.

Gebenno leaves the realm to *Cbremes'* skill,
And boldly claims a province higher still.
To raise a name, th' ambitious boy has got
At once a *bible*, and a *shoulder-knot* ;
Deep in the secret he looks thro' the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that *saves his soul* ;

To talk with reverence you must take good heed,
Nor shock his *tender reason* with the Creed.

How-e'er, well-bred, in publick he complies,
Obliging friends alone with *blasphemies*.

Peerage is poysion, good estates are bad.
For this disease; poor rogues run, seldom mad.

Have not *attainders* brought unhop'd relief,
And *falling stocks* quite cur'd an *unbelief*?

While the sun shines *Blunt* talks with wond'rous force;
But Thunder marrs *small beer*, and *weak discourse*.
Such useful instruments the weather show.

Just as their *Mercury* is high or low.

Health chiefly keeps an atheist in the dark;
A Fever argues better than a *Clarke*;

Let but the Logick in his *pulse* decay,
The *Grecian* he'll renounce, and learn to pray;
While *C*— mourns with an unfeigned zeal
Th' apostate youth, who reason'd once so well.

C—

C—— who makes so merry with the creed;
He almost thinks he disbelieves indeed;
But only thinks so; to give both their due,
Satan, and he, Believe, and Tremble too.

Of some for Glory, such the boundless Rage,
That they're the blackest scandal of their age.

Narcissus the *tartarian club* disclaims,
Nay, a free-mason with some terror nathes,
Omits no duty, nor can Envy say
He misold these many Years the church, or play,
He makes no noise in parliament, 'tis true,
But pays his debts, and visits, when 'tis due;
His character, and gloves are ever clean,
And then, he can outbow the *bowing Dean;*
A smile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wife, and worthies shares.

In gay fatigues this most undaunted Chief
Patient of *idleness* beyond belief,
Most charitably lends the town his *face*
For ornament, in ev'ry publick place;
As sure, as *cards*, he to the *assembly* comes,
And as the *furniture* of drawing-rooms.
When *Ombre* calls, his hand, and heart are free,
And, joyn'd to Two, he fails not—to make Three.
Narcissus is the glory of his race:
For who does *nothing* with a better grace?
To deck my List, by nature were design'd
Such shining *expletives* of human kind,
Who want, while thro' blank life they dream along,
Sense to be right, and *paffian* to be wrong.

To counterpoise this Hero of the *mode*,
Some for renown are *singular*, and *odd*;

What

What other men dislike is sure to please
Of all mankind these dear *antipodes* ;
Thro' pride, not malice, they run counter still,
And *birth-days* are their days of dressing ill.

Arb—t is a fool, and *F—* a sage,
S—ly will fright you, *E—* engage,
By nature streams run backward, flame descends,
Stones mount, and *S—x* is the worst of friends.

They take their rest by *day*, and wake by *night*,
And blush, if you surprize them in the *right*,
If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,
A Swan is white, or *Q—y* is fair.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool *in* fashion, but a fool that's *out* ;
His passion for absurdity's so strong,
He cannot bear a *rival* in the wrong.
Tho' wrong the mode, comply; more sense is shewn
In wearing *others'* follies, than your *own*.

If what is out of fashion most you prize,
Methinks you should endeavour to be wise,

But what in oddness can be more sublime
Than S——, the foremost *toymen* of his time ?
His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
His daughter's portion a rich *shell* enhances,
And *Ashmole*'s Baby-house is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich *Peru* !
How his eyes languish ? how his thoughts adore
That painted coat which *Joseph* never wore ?
He shews on *holidays* a sacred pin,
That toucht the ruff, that toucht *Queen Bess*'s chin.

“ Since that great *dearth* our *Chronicles* deplore,
“ Since the great *plague* that swept as many more,
“ Was ever year unblest as *this* ? ” he'll cry,
“ It has not brought us one new *butterfly* !

In times that suffer such learn'd men as *these*,
Unhappy *I——y!* how came you to please?

Not gawdy butterflies are *Lico's* game;
But, in effect, his chance is much the same.
Warm in pursuit, he *levées* all the great,
Stanch to the foot of *title*, and *estate*.
Where-e'er their *Lordships* go, they never find,
Or *Lico*, or their *shadows* lagg behind;
He *sets* them sure, where-e'er their *Lordships* run,
Close at their elbows, as a *morning-dun*;
As if their grandeur, by contagion, wrought,
And *fame* was, like a *fever*, to be caught:
But after seven years dance from place to place,
*The * Dane* is more familiar with his Grace.
Who'd be a *crutch* to prop a rotten peer;
Or living *pendant*, dangling at his ear,

For ever whisp'ring secrets, which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, thro' the town?
Who'd be a *glafs*, with flattering grimace,
Still to reflect the temper of his face;
Or happy *pin* to stick upon his sleeve,
When my Lord's gracious, and vouchsafes *it* leave;
Or *cushion*, when his heaviness shall please
To loll, or *thump* it for his better ease;
Or a vile *butt*, for noon, or night bespoke,
When the peer *rashly* swears he'll club his joke?
Who'd shake with laughter, tho' he cou'd not find
His Lordship's jest; or, if his nose broke wind,
For blessings to the Gods profoundly bow,
That can cry *chimney-sweep*, or drive a *plough*?
With terms like these how mean the Tribe that *close*?
Scarce meaner They, who terms, like these *impose*,

But

But what's the tribe most likely to comply ?
The men of ink, or antient authors lye ;
The writing tribe, who shameless *auctiōns* hold
Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold.
All men they flatter, but themselves the most
With deathless fame, their everlasting boast :
For Fame no cully makes so much her jest,
As her old, constant spark, the bard profest.
“ *B—le* shines in council, *M—t* in the fight,
“ *P—l—m*'s magnificent; but I can write,
“ And what to my great Soul like glory dear?”
Till some God whispers in his tingling ear,
That *fame*'s unwholesome taken without *meat*,
And life is best sustain'd by what is *eat* ;
Grown *lean*, and *wise*, he curses what he writ,
And wishes all his wants were in his *wit*.

Ah!

Ah! what avails it, when his dinner's lost,
That his triumphant name adorns a post ?
Or that his shining page, (provoking fate !)
Defends Sirloyns, which songs of dulness eat ?

What foe to verse without compassion hears ?
What cruel *prose-man* can refrain from tears ?
When the poor muse, for less than half a crown,
A prostitute on every bulk in town,
With other whores undone, tho' *not* in print,
Clubs credit for Geneva in the Mint ?

Ye bards! why will you sing, tho' uninspir'd ?
Ye bards! why will you starve, to be admir'd ?
Defunct by Phœbus' laws, beyond redress,
Why will your *spectres* haunt the frightened press ?
Bad metre, that *excrescence* of the head,
Like *hair*, will sprout, altho' the poet's *dead*.

All other trades demand, Verse-makers *big* ;
A Dedication is a *wooden leg* ;

And

And barren *Labor*, the true *munder's* fashion,
Exposes borrow'd *briars* to move compassion.

Tho' such *my self*, vile bards I discommend,
Nay more, tho' gentle *Damon* is my friend.

" Is't then a crime to write?" ——if talents rare
Proclaim the God, the crime is to forbear;
For some, tho' few, there are large-minded men,
Who watch unseen the labours of the pen,
Who know the muse's worth, and therefore court,
Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support,
Who serve, ~~mask'd~~, the last pretence to wit;
My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.

Will *H*——t pardon, if I dare commend
H——t, with zeal a patron, and a friend?

A——t true wit is studious to restore;
And *D*——t smiles, if *Phebus* smil'd before,
P——ke in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
And *Henrietta* like a muse inspires.

But

But ah ! not *inspiration* can obtain
 That Fame, which poets languish for in vain.
 How mad their aim ? who thirst for glory, strive
 To grasp, what no man can possess *alive*.
 Fame's a *reversion* in which men take place
 (O late reversion!) at their own decease.
 This truth sagacious *Lintot* knows so well,
 He starves his authors, that their works may sell.

That *fame* is *wealth*, fantastick poets cry ;
 That *wealth* is *fame*, another Clan reply,
 Who know no guilt, no scandal but in *rags* ;
 And swell in just proportion to their *bags*.
 Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old
 Think glory nothing but the *beams of gold*,
 The first young lord, which in the *Mall* you meet,
 Shall match the veriest Huncks in *Lombard-street*,



From

From rescu'd candles' ends who rais'd a sum,

And starves to join a *Penny to a Plumb.*

A *beardless miser?* 'tis a guilt unknown

To former times, a scandal all our own.

Of ardent lovers, the true modern band

Will mortgage *Celia* to redeem their *land.*

For love, young, noble, rich *Castilio* dies;

Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.

Divine *Monimia*, thy fond fears lay down;

No rival can prevail, but ~~—~~ half a crown.

He glories to late times to be convey'd,

Not for the poor he has *reliev'd*, but *made.*

Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,

When *Harry* conquer'd, and half *France* expir'd.

He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog for gain,

Nay, a dull *Sheriff* for his golden chain.

" Who'd

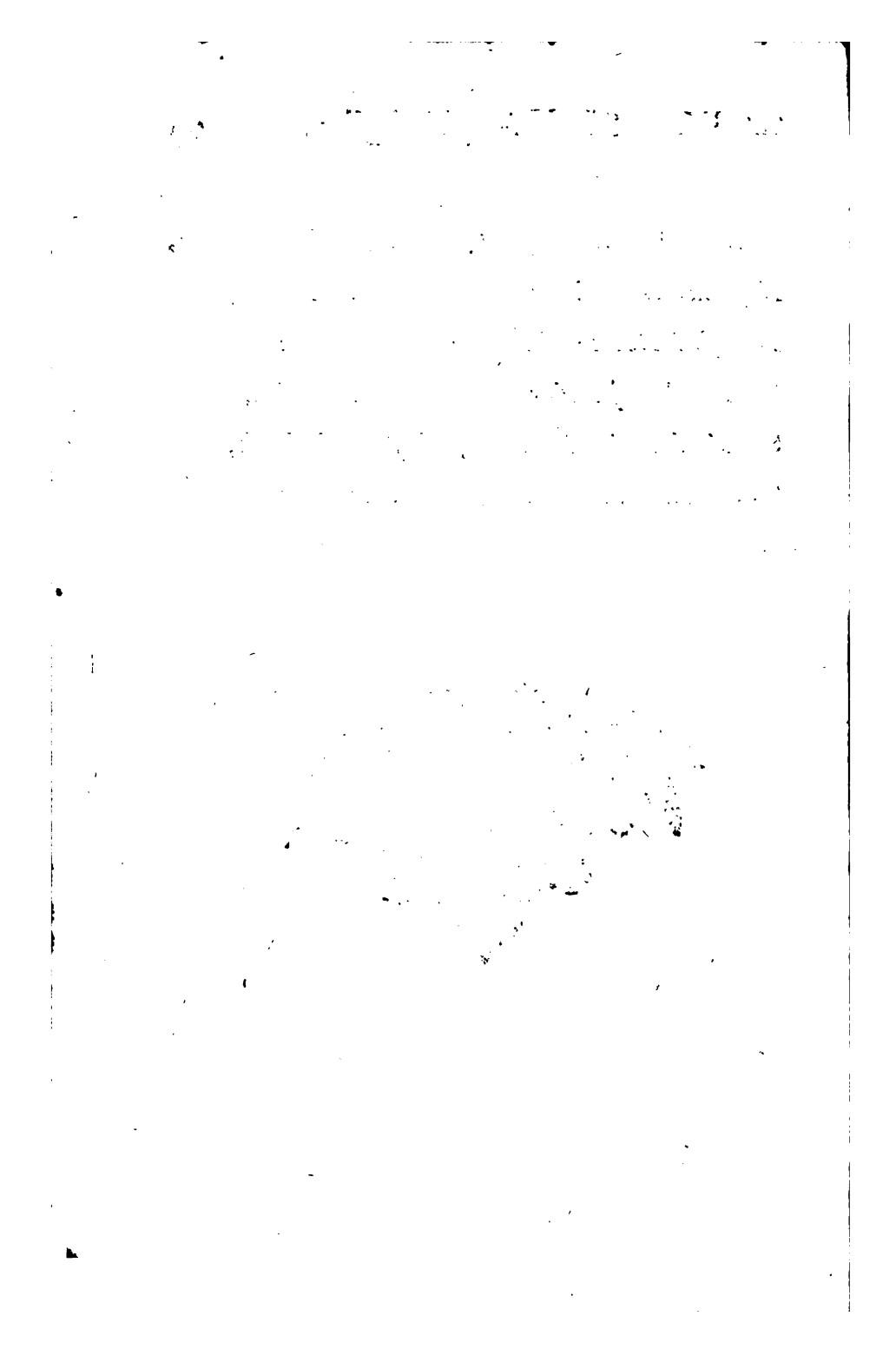
" Who'd be a Slave?" the gallant Colonel cries,
 While love of glory sparkles from his eyes.
 To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right, ——
Just is his title, for I will not fight:
 All Soldiers *vigour*, all Divines have grace,
 As Maids of honour, beauty, —— by their charm
 But, when indulging on the last campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of fame,
 He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,
 A sweet revenge, and *half забытъ* his sword.

Of *bashfulness* more than of a *bomb* afraid,
 A *soldier* should be modest, as a *maid*:
 Fame is a bubble the *Reserv'd* enjoy,
 Who strive to grasp it, as they touch, *destroy*:
 'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree;
 But if you pay your self, the world is free.

Were

Were there no tongue to speak them but his own,
Augustus' Deeds in arms had ne'er been kown,
Augustus' Deeds ; if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim,
Such is the Prince's worth, of whom I speak,
The *Roman* would not blush at the mistake.





LOVE of FAME,

T H E

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

S A T I R E V.

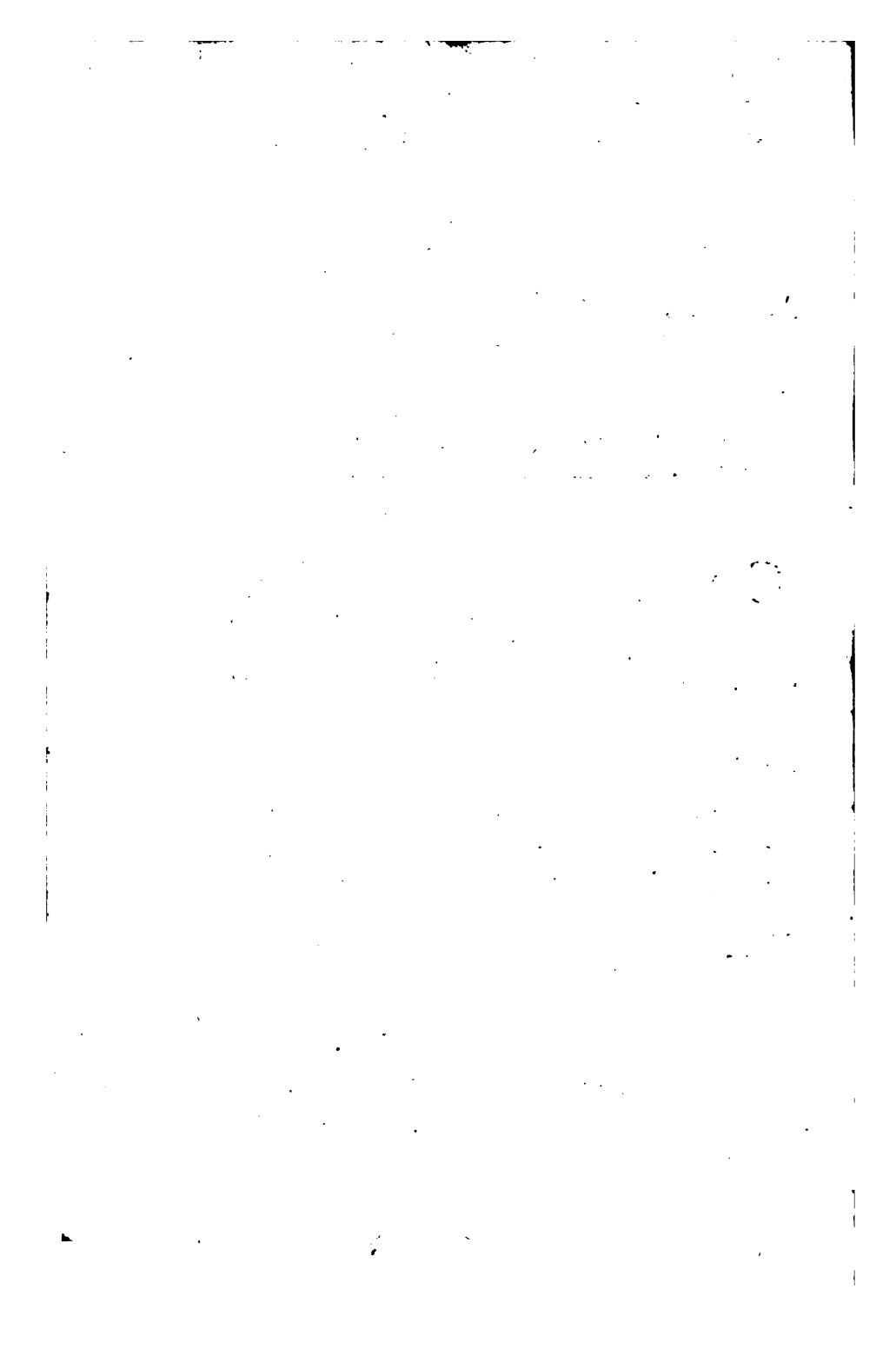
On *W O M E N.*

*O fairest of Creation! last and best
Of all God's Works! Creature, in whom excell'd
Whatever can to fight, or thought be form'd
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost!* ————— MILTON.

L O N D O N:

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S A T I R E V.

N

OR reigns *Ambition* in bold man alone ;
Soft female hearts the rude Invader own.
But, there indeed, it deals in nicer things
Than routing armies, and dethroning kings.
Attend, and you discern it in the Fair
Conduct a finger, or reclaim a hair ;
Or rowl the lucid orbit of an eye ;
Or in full joy elaborate a sigh.

The Sex we honour, tho' their faults we blame ;
Nay thank their faults for such a fruitful theme.

A theme, fair——! doubly kind to me,
Since satyrizing *those*, is praising *thee*;
Who wouldst not bear, too modestly refin'd,
A panegyrick of a groffer kind.

Britannia's Daughters, much more *fair* than *nice*,
Too fond of *Admiration*, lose their price;
Worn in the publick eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarnish to the fated sight.
As unreserv'd, and beauteous, as the Sun,
Thro' every *Sign* of *Vanity* they run;
Assemblies, *parks*, coarse feasts in *city-balls*,
Lectures, and *tryals*, *plays*, *committees*, *balls*,
Wells, *Bedlams*, *executions*, *Smithfield-scenes*,
And *fortune-tellers* caves, and *tyons* dens,
Taverns, *Exchanges*, *Bridewells*, *drawing-rooms*,
Instalments, *pillories*, *coronations*, *tombs*,

Tumblers,

*Tumblers, and funerals, puppet-shews, reviews,
Sales, races, rabbets, (and still stranger !) pews.*

*Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for Fame ;
And love lyes vanquisht in a nobler flame :
Warm gleams of hope she, now, dispenses ; then,
Like April-Suns, dives into clouds agen.
With all her lustre, now, her lover warms ;
Then, out of *ostentation*, hides her charms.
'Tis, next, her pleasure sweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a sudden pain ;
Then, she starts up all ecstasie, and bliss,
And is, sweet Soul ! just as sincere in this.
O how she rows her charming eyes in *spight* !
And looks delightfully with all her might !
But like our Heroes, much more brave, than wise,
She conquers for the *triumph*, not the *prize*.*

Zara resembles *Etna* crown'd with snows ;
Without she freezes, and within she glows ;
Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,
From the vain converse of the world retir'd,
She reads the *psalms*, and *chapters* for the day
In —— *Cleopatra*, or the last new play.
Thus gloomy Zara with a solemn grace
Deceives mankind, and *bides* behind her face.

Nor far beneath her in *renown* is she
Who, thro' good-breeding, is ill-company.
Whose *Manners* will not let her larum cease,
Who thinks you are *unhappy*, when *at peace*.
To find you *news* who racks her subtle head,
And vows — *That ber great grandfather is dead.*

A dearth of words a woman need not fear,
But 'tis a task indeed to learn——to bear.
In that the skill of conversation lies,
That shows, or makes you both polite, and wise.

Zantippe crys "let Nymphs who nought can say,
" Be lost in silence, and resign the day :
" And let the guilty wife her guilt confess
" By tame behaviour, and a soft adres." .
Thro' virtue, she refuses to comply
With all the dictates of humanity ;
Thro' wisdom, she refuses to submit
To wisdom's rules, and raves to prove her wit :
Then, her unblemish'd honour to maintain,
Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain.
But if by chance an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary Lord,

Her darling China in a whirlwind sent
Just *intimates* the Lady's discontent.

Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame,
But keen *Zantippe* scorning *borrow'd* flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling *gruel*, and composing *tea*.

Nor rests by night, but more sincere than nice,
She *shakes* the curtains with her *kind* advice.

Doubly like Echo, *sound* is her delight,
And the *last word* is her eternal right.

Is't not enough plagues, wars, and famines rise
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be *wise*?

Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong;
What *black*, what *ceaseless* cares besiege our state?
What strokes we feel from *fancy*, and from *fate*?

If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow,
We *make* misfortune, *Suicides* in woe.
Superfluous aid! unnecessary skill!
Is *nature* backward to torment, or kill?
How oft the *noon*, how oft the *midnight bell*,
(That iron tongue of death!) with solemn knell,
On *folly's* errands, as we vainly roam, [home?
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from
Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
Few know so many friends *alive*, as *dead*.
Yet, as *immortal*, in our uphill chace
We press coy fortune with unslacken'd pace;
Our ardent labours for the *toys* we seek,
Joyn night to day, and sunday to the week.
Our very joys are anxious, and expire.
Between *satiety* and *fierce defire*.
Now what reward for all this grief, and toil?
But *one*; a female friend's endearing smile;

A tender smile, our sorrow's only balm,
And, in life's tempest, the sad sailor's calm.

How have I seen a gentle Nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye ;
Victorious tenderness ! it all o'ercame,
Husbands look'd mild, and *savages* grew tame.

The *Sylvan* race our active Nymphs pursue ;
Man is not all the game they have in view :
In woods, and fields their Glory they compleat,
There *Master Betty* leaps a five-barr'd Gate ;
While fair *Miss Charles* to Toilets is confin'd,
Nor rashly tempts the barbarous sun, and wind.
Some Nymphs affect a more heroick breed,
And vault from *bunters* to the *manag'd Steed* ;
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And *Fobert* has the forming of the fair.

More

More than *one* steed must *Delia's* empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying *wheel*;
And as she guides it thro' the admiring throng,
With what an air she smacks the *silken* thong?
Graceful, as *John*, she moderates the reins,
And whistles sweet her *diuretick* strains.
Sesostris-like, such Charioteers as *these*
May drive six harness *monarchs*, if they please.
They *drive, row, run*, with love of Glory smit,
Leap, swim, shoot-flying, and pronounce on *wit*.

O'er the *Belle-lettre* lovely *Daphne* reigns ;
Again the God *Apollo* wears her chains.
With legs tost high on her Sophee she sits,
Vouchsafing audience to contending Wits ;
Of each performance she's the final test ;
One Act read o'er, she prophesies the rest ;

And

And then pronouncing with decisive air,
Fully convinces all the town —— *she's fair.*
Had lovely *Daphne Hecatessa*'s face,
How would her elegance of taste decrease ?
Some Ladies *judgment*, in their *features*, lyes,
And all their *Genius* sparkles from their *eyes*.

But hold, she crys, *Lamponer* ! have a care :
Must I want common sense, because I'm fair ?
O no : see *Stella*, her *Eyes* shine as bright,
As if her tongue was never in the right ;
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire !
She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire ;
How then, (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could *Daphne* publish, and could she forbear ?
We grant that beauty is no bar to *sense*,
Nor is't a sanction for *impertinence*.

Sempronia

Sempronia lik'd her man, and well she might,
The youth in person, and in parts was bright;
Possest of every virtue, grace, and art,
That claims just empire o'er the female Heart.
He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,
And in full rage of youthful ardour burn'd.
Large his possessions, and beyond her own:
Their blis the theme, and envy of the town.
The day was fixt; when with one acre more
In stept deform'd, debaucht, diseas'd *threescore*.
The fatal sequel I thro' shame forbear.
Of pride, and av'rice who can cure the Fair ?

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true,
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Those few wants answer'd bring sincere delights,
But fools create themselves new appetites.

Fancy,

Fancy, and Pride seek things at vast expence,
Which relish nor to reason, nor to sense.
When *surfeit*, or *unthankfulness* destroys,
In *nature's* narrow sphere, our solid joys,
In *fancy's* airy land of noise, and show,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures grow,
Like Cats in air-pumps, to subsist we strive
On joys too thin to keep the Soul alive.

Lemira's sick, make haste, the Doctor call :
He comes : but where's his Patient? at the Ball.
The Doctor stares, her Woman curt'sies low,
And crys, " my lady, Sir, is always so.
" Diversions put her maladies to flight;
" True, she can't stand, but she can *dance* all night.
" I've known my lady (for she loves a Tune)
" For fevers take an *Opera* in *June*.

" And

" And tho' perhaps you'll think the practice bold,
 " A midnight Park is sovereign for a cold.
 " With colicks, breakfasts of green fruit agree;
 " With indispositions, supper just at three."
 A strange alternative! replys Sir H----s,
 Must women have a *doctor*, or a *dance*?
 Tho' sick to death, *abroad* they safely roams,
 But droop and die, in perfect health, *at home*.
 For want——but not of health, are Ladies ill,
 And *tickets* cure beyond the *doctor's-bill*.

Alas! my heart, how languishingly fair
 Yon Lady lolls! with what a tender air?
 Pale as a young dramatick author, when
 O'er darling lines fell *Gibber* waves his pen.
 Is her Lord angry, or has * *Vixy* chid?
 Dead is her father, or the mask forbid?

* *Lap-dog.*" *Late*

" Late fitting up has turn'd her roses white."
Why went she not bed? " because 'twas *night*."
Did she then dance, or play? " nor this, nor that."
Well, night soon steals away in pleasing chat.
" No, all alone, her *pray'r's* she rather chose,
" Than be that *wretch* to sleep 'till morning rose."
Then lady *Cynthia*; Mistress of the shade,
Goes, with the *fashionable Owls*, to bed.
This, her *pride* covets, this her *health* denys;
Her soul is silly, but her body's wise.

Others with curious arts dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of *fifty-five*.
You in the morning a *fair* nymph invite,
To keep her word a *brown* one comes at night;
Next day she shines in glossy *black*, and then
Revolves into her native *red* again.

Like a Dove's neck, she shifts her transient charms,
And is her own dear rival in your arms.

But *one* admirer has the painted lass,
Nor finds that *one*, but in her looking-glass.
Yet *Laura*'s beautiful to such excess,
That all her *art* scarce makes her please *the less*:
To deck the female cheek *He* only knows,
Who paints less fair the *lilly*, and the *rose*.

How gay *they* smile? such blessings nature pours,
O'er-stockt mankind enjoy but half her stores;
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flow'rs, and spreads her velvet green.
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desart trace,
And *waste* their musick on the savage race.
Is *Nature* then a niggard of her bliss?
Repine we guiltless in a world like this?

H

But

But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,
And painted *Arts* deprav'd allurement chuse.
Such *Fluvia*'s passion for the town ; fresh air
(An odd effect !) gives vapours to the fair :
Green fields, and shady groves, and chrystal springs,
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things ;
But smoak, and dust, and noise, and crowds, delight ;
And to be prest to death transports her quite.
Where silver riv'lets play thro' flow'ry meads,
And *woodbines* give their sweets, and *limes* their shades,
Black kennels absent *odours* she regrets,
And stops her nose at beds of *Violets*.

Is stormy life preferr'd to the serene ?
Or is the publick to the private Scene ?
Retir'd, we tread a smooth, and open way ;
Thro' briars, and brambles in the *world* we stray,
Stiff opposition, and *perplext* debate,
And *thorny* care, and *rank* and *singing* hate,

Which

Which choak our passage, our career controul,
And wound the firmest temper of the soul.

O sacred solitude! divine retreat!

Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!

By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair Wisdom, that celestial Maid:

The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
(Strangers on earth!) are *innocence*, and *peace*.

There, from the ways of men lay'd safe ashore,

We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;

There, blest with health, with busines unperplext,

This life we relish, and ensure the *next*;

There too the *Muses* sport; these numbers free,

Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee.

There sport the *Muses*; but not there alone:
Their sacred force *Amelia* feels in town.

Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herself, *Amelia* weds a wit.
Both wits! tho' miracles are said to cease,
Three days, three wond'rous days! they liv'd in peace;
With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose,
On *Dursey's* poesy, and *Bunyan's* prose.
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

Phæbe, tho' she possesses nothing less,
Is proud of being rich in happiness.
Laboriously pursues delusive toys,
Content with pains, since they're reputed joys;
With what well-acted transport will she say,
“ Well sure, we were so happy *yesterday*!
“ And then that charming party for *to-morrow*!”
Tho' well she knows, 'twill languish into sorrow.

But

But she dares never boast the *present* hour,
So gross that cheat, it is beyond her power.
For such is or our weakness, or our curse,
Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,
The present moment like a Wife we shun,
And ne'er enjoy, because it is *our own*.

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy ;
Pleasure, like *Quick-silver*, is *bright*, and *coy* ;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still :
If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains,
What is it, but rank poyson in your veins ?

As *Flavia* in her glass an Angel spies,
Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lies ;
Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
There's no satiety of charms divine ;

Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
 Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul !) in tears.
 She fond and young, last week, her wish enjoy'd,
 In soft amuzement all the night employ'd,
 The morning came, when *Strephon* waking found
 (Surprising sight !) his Bride in sorrow drown'd.
 " What miracle, says *Strephon*, makes thee weep ?
 " Ah barbarous man, she cries, how cou'd you——
 Sleep?"

Men love a *mistress*, as they love a *feast* ;
 How grateful one to *touch*, and one to *taste* ?
 Yet sure there is a certain time of day,
 We wish our *mistress*, and our meat away ;
 But soon the sated appetites return,
 Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn.
 Eternal love let Man, then, never swear ;
 Let Women never *triumph*, nor *despair*.

Nor

Nor praise, nor blame, too much, the warm, or chill;
Hunger, and love are foreign to the *will*.

There is indeed a passion more refin'd,
For those few nymphs whose charms are of the mind.
But not of that unfashionable set
Is *Phillis*: *Phillis* and her *Damon* met.
Eternal love exactly hits her taste;
Phillis demands eternal love at least.
Embracing *Phillis* with soft-smiling eyes,
Eternal love I vow, the Swain replies,
But say, my *all!* my *mistress*, and my *friend*!
What day next week the *eternity* shall end?

Some Nymphs prefer *Astronomy* to *Love*;
Elope from mortal men, and range above.
The fair Philosopher to *Rowley* flies,
Where in a *box* the whole Creation lies.

She sees the Planets in their turns advance ;
And scorns, *Poitier*, thy sublunary dance,
Of *Desagulier* she bespeaks fresh air,
And *Whiston* has *engagements* with the fair.

What vain experiments *Sopbronia* tries !
'Tis not in air-pumps the gay Colonel dies,
But tho' to-day this rage of science reigns,
(O fickle sex !) soon end her learned pains.
Lo ! *Pug* from *Jupiter* her heart has got,
Turns out the stars, and *Newton* is a sot.

To —— turn, she never took the height
Of *Saturn*, yet is ever in the right,
She strikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled learning blunders far behind.
Graceful to sight, and elegant to thought,
The *great* are vanquisht, and the *wise* are taught.
Her breeding finisht, and her temper sweet,
When serious, easy; and when gay, discreet;

In glittering scenes, o'er her own heart, severe ;
In crowds, collected ; and in courts, sincere ;
Sincere, and warm, with zeal well-understood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good,
Yet not superior to her sex's cares,
The mode she fixes by the gown she wears ;
Of *Silks*, and *China* she's the last appeal ;
In these great points she *leads* the common-weal ;
And if disputes of *empire* rise between
Mecklin the queen of lace, and *Colberteen*,
'Tis doubt ! 'tis darkness ! 'till suspended fate
Assumes *her* nod to close the grand debate.
When such her mind, why will the fair express
Their emulation only in their *dress* ?

But O ! the Nymph that mounts above the *Skies*,
And, *gratis*, clears religious mysteries !
Resolv'd the *Church*'s welfare to ensure,
And make her family a *Sine-cure*.

The

The theme divine at *cards*: she'll not forget,
But *takes in* texts of scripture at *piquet*;
In those licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her *maker* that her *cards* are good.
What Angels wou'd these be, who thus excell
In Theologicks, could they *sew* as well !
Yet why shou'd not the fair her text pursue?
Can she more decently the Doctor woe?
'Tis hard too, she who makes no use but *chat*
Of her Religion, shou'd be barr'd in that:
Isaac, a brother of the canting strain,
When he has knockt at his own skull in vain,
To beauteous *Marcia* often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the *fair*.
O how his pious soul exults to find
Such love for *holy* men in womankind ?
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture, he
Hangs on her *bloom*, like an industrious *bee*,

Hums

*Hums round about her, and with all his power
Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a Flower?*

The young and *gay* declining, *Abra* flies
At nobler game, the *mighty* and the *wise* :
By nature more an *Eagle* than a *Dove*,
She impiously prefers the *World* to *Love*.

Can wealth give happiness? look round, and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
Wealth is a cheat, believe not what it says,
Like any Lord it *promises*—and *pays*,
How will the miser startle to be told
Of such a wonder, as *insolvent* gold?
What nature *wants* has an intrinck weight;
All more, is but the fashion of the plate,

Which,

Which, for one moment, charms the fickle wiew,
It charms us *now*, *anon* we cast anew,
To some fresh birth of *Fancy* more inclin'd :
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

Mistaken lovers who make worth their care,
And think accomplishments will win the fair.
The *fair* 'tis true by *Genius* shou'd be won,
As *flow'r's* unfold their beauties to the *sun* ;
And yet in female scales a *fop* outweighs,
And wit must wear the *willow*, with the *bays*.
Nought shines so bright in vain *Liberia's* eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy ;
The youth of fire, that has drûnk-deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid ;
For him, as yet un-hang'd, she spreads her charms,
Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms ;

And

And amply gives, (tho' treated long amiss)
The *man of merit* his revenge in *this*.

If you resent, and wish a *woman ill*,
But turn her o'er one moment to her *will*.

The *languid lady* next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, staggers, 'till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordain'd to so *severe* a doom,
She, by just stages, *journeys* round the room :
But knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the *Alps* —— that is, ascend the *stairs*.
My fan! let others say who laugh at toil ;
Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her *laconick* style.
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That *Betty* rather *sees*, than *bears* the call :

The motion of her lips, and meaning eye
Piece out the Idea her faint words deny.
O listen with attention most profound!
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
And help! O help! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.
If, there, a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.
Let the robust, and the gygantick *carve*,
Life is not worth so much, she'd rather *starve*;
But *chew* she must herself, ah cruel fate!
That *Rosalinda* can't by proxy eat.
An *antidote* in female caprice lies
(Kind Heav'n!) against the *poyson* of their eyes.

Tbalestris triumphs in a manly mein,
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene.

In fair, and open dealing where's the shame ?

What nature dares to *give*, she dares to *name*.

This *honest fellow* is sincere, and plain,

And justly gives the jealous husband pain.

(Vain is the task to Petticoats assign'd,

If wanton language shews a *naked* mind.)

And now and then, to grace her eloquence,

An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.

Hark ! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,

And teach the neighb'ring echos how to fwear.

By *Jove*, is faint, and for the simple swain ;

She, on the christian System, is profane.

But tho' the volly rattles in your ear,

Believe her *dress*, she's not a granadeer.

If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,

When *Jove* deputes a Lady in his stead ?

A *Lady* ! pardon my mistaken pen,

A shameless woman is the worst of *Men*.

Few to good-breeding make a just pretence,
Good-breeding is the blossom of good sense ;
The last result of an accomplit mind,
With outward grace, the *body's virtue*, join'd.
A violated decency, now, reigns ;
And Nymphs for *failings* take peculiar pains.
With *Indian* painters modern *toasts* agree,
The point they aim at is *deformity* :
They *throw* their persons with a *hoydon-air*
Across the room, and *toss* into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They, for our manners, have exchang'd their own.
The modest look, the castigated grace,
The gentle movement, and slow-measur'd pace,
For which her lovers *dy'd*, her parents *pay'd*,
Are indecorums with the *modern maid*.
Stiff forms are bad, but let not worse intrude,
Nor conquer *art*, and *nature*, to be rude.

Modern

Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And Lady *D*— self will be polite.

Ye rising fair ! Ye bloom of *Britain's Isle* !
When highborn *Anna* with a soften'd smile
Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,
What seems most hard, is *not* to be well-bred.
Her bright example with success pursue,
And all, but adoration, is your due.

But adoration ? give me something *more*,
Crys *Lyce*, on the borders of *threescore* ;
Nought treads so silent as the foot of *Time* :
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime;
"Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news that *we grow old*.
Autumnal Lyce carrys in her face
Memento mori to each publick place.

O how your beating breast a Mistress warms
Who looks thro' spectacles to see your charms!
While rival *undertakers* hover round,
And with his spade the *sexton* marks the ground,
Intent not on her own, but others doom,
She plans new conquests, and *defrauds* the tomb.
In vain the cock has summon'd *sprights* away,
She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day.
Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of *Lyce* but *her self* is old.
Her grizzled locks assume a *smirking* grace,
And art has *levell'd* her deep-furrow'd face.
Her strange demand no mortal can approve,
We'll ask her *blessing*, but can't task her *triv*.
She grants indeed a Lady may decline,
(All Ladies but *herself*): ac *ninety-nine*.

O how unlike her was the sacred age
Of prudent *Portia*? Her grey hairs engage,

Whose

Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline.

Virtue's the paint that can make *wrinkles* shine.

That, and that *only* can old age sustain;

Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for *pain*.

Not numerous are our joys, when life is new,

And yearly some are falling of the *few*;

But when we conquer life's meridian stage,

And downward tend into the vale of age,

They drop *a-pair*; by *nature* some decay,

And some the blasts of *fortune* sweep away;

Till naked quite of happiness, aloud

We call for Death, and *shelter* in a shroud.

Where's *Portia* now?— but *Portia* left behind
Two lovely copies of her form, and mind.

What heart untouched their *early* grief can view,

Like blushing rose-buds dipt in *morning* dew?

Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,

And forms their minds to fly from ills to come?

The mind when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind, and tide ;
Fancy, and *passion* toss it to and fro,
A-while torment, and then quite *sink* in woe.
Ye beauteous orphans! since in silent dust
Your best *example* lies, my *precepts* trust.
Life swarms with ills, the *boldest* are afraid,
Where then is safety for a *tender maid*?
Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
And *man*, whom least she fears, her worst of foes !
When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,
The least obliging ; and by favours, lost.
Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate,
And scorn you for those ills *themselves* create.
If on your fame *our sex* a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever stick, thro' malice of your *own*.
Most hard! in pleasing your chief *glory* lies ;
And yet from pleasing your chief *dangers* rise :

Then

Then please the *best*: and know, for men of sense
Your strongest charms are native innocence.

Arts on the mind, like *paint* upon the face,
Fright him, that's worth your love, from your embrace.

In *simple* manners all the secret lies,
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.

Vain *show*, and *noise*, intoxicate the brain,
Begin with *giddiness*, and end in *pain*.

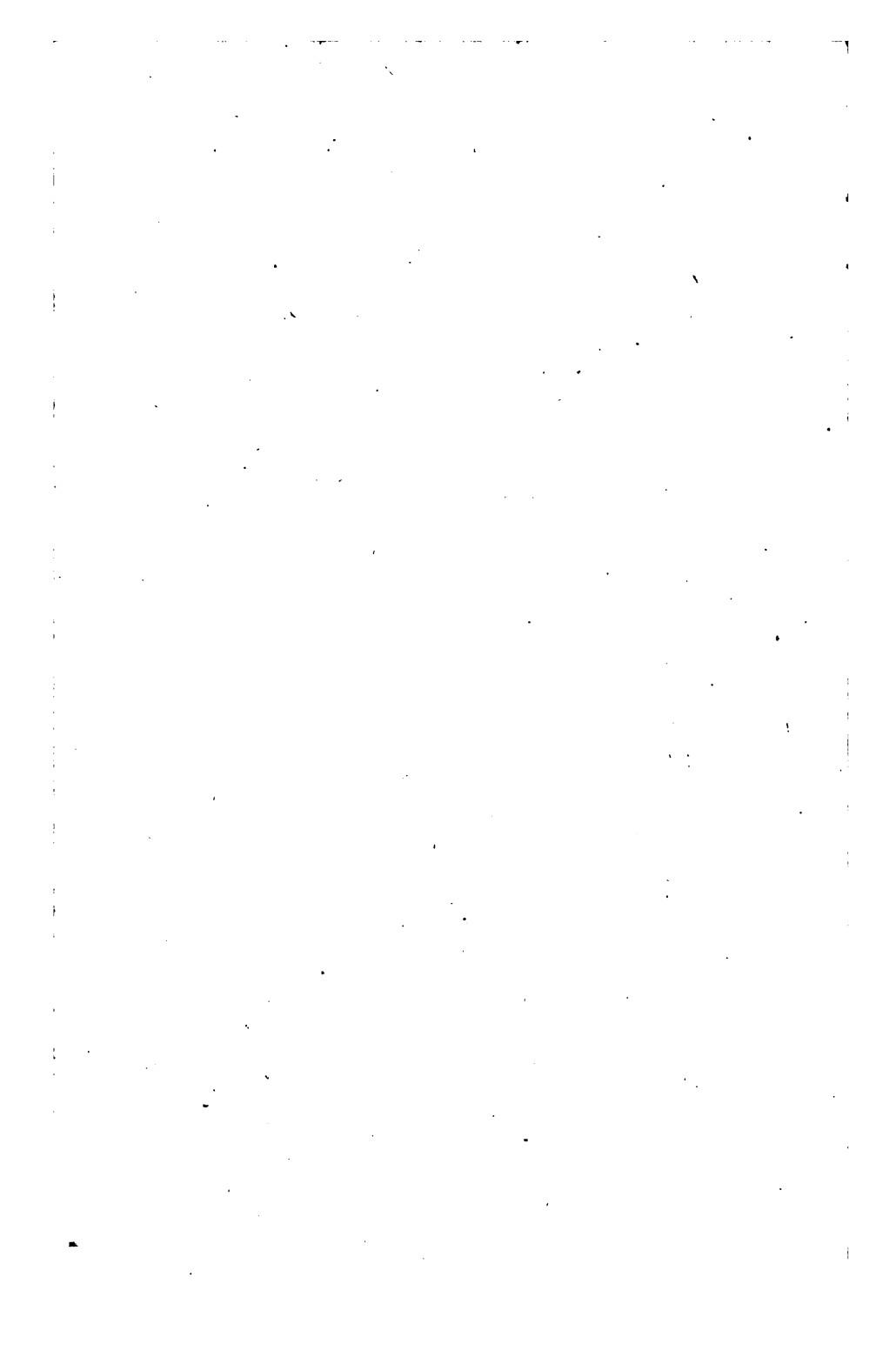
Affect not *empty* fame, and *idle* praise,
Which, all those wretches I describe, betrays.

Your sex's glory 'tis to shine *unknown*.
Of all applause, be fondest of *your own*.

Beware the fever of the *mind!* that thirst
With which this age is eminently curst.

To drink of *pleasure* but inflames desire,
And abstinence alone can quench the fire.

Take *pain* from life, and *terror* from the tomb,
Give peace in *band*, and promise *bliss to come*.



LOVE of FAME,

T H E

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

S A T I R E VI.

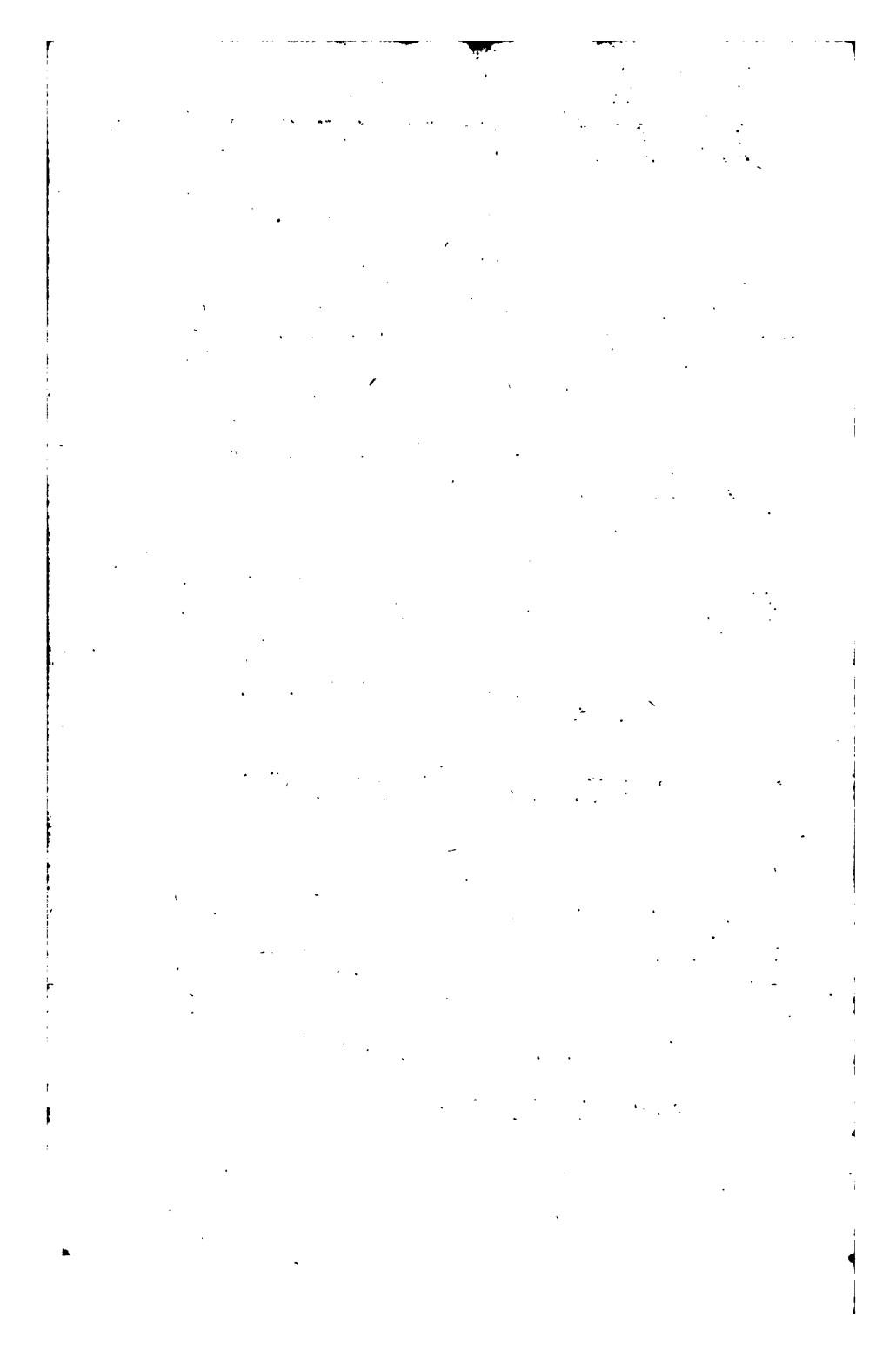
On *W O M E N.*

Inscrib'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE the
Lady *ELIZABETH GERMAIN.*

Interdum tamen & tollit Comœdia vocem. HOR.

L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year MDCCXLI.





S A T I R E VI.

I Sought a patroness, but sought in vain.
Apollo whisper'd in my ear---“*Germain.*—
I know her not—“ Your reason's some-
what odd ;
“ Who knows his patron, now ? reply'd the God.
“ Men write, to *me*, and to the *world*, unknown ;
“ Then steal great names to sheild them from the
“ Detected *worth*, like *beauty* disarray'd, [Town.
“ To covert flys, of *praise* itself afraid ;
“ Should *she* refuse to patronize your lays,
“ In vengeance write a Volume in *her praise*.
“ Nor

" Nor think it hard so great a length to run ;
 " When such the theme, 'twill easily be done."

Ye Fair ! to draw your excellence at length,
 Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength ;
 You, *bere*, in miniature your pictures see ;
 Nor hope from *Zincks* more justice, than from me.
 My portraits grace your *mind*, as his your *side* ;
 His portraits will *inflame*, mine *quench* your pride ;
 He's *dear*, you *frugal* ; chuse my *cheaper* lay,
 And be your *reformation* all my *pay*.

Lavinia is *polite*, but not *prophane* ;
 To *Church* as constant, as to *Drury-lane* ;
 She decently, *inform* pays *Heav'n* its due ;
 And makes a civil *visit* to her *Pew*.
 Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,
 Conceals her face, which *passe* for a *prayer* :

Curt'fies

Curt'sies to curt'sies, then, with grace succeed,
Not one the Fair omits, but at the *creed*.
Or if she joins the Service, 'tis to *speak* ;
Thro' dreadful *silence* the pent heart might break ;
Untaught to bear it, women *talk away*
To God himself, and fondly think they *pray*.
But *sweet* their accent, and their air *refin'd* ;
For they're before their Maker, —— and *mankind* :
When ladies once are *proud* of praying well,
Satan himself will toll the parish bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well bred,
Drusa receives her *visitants* in bed,
But chaste as ice, this *Vesta* to defie
The very blackest Tongue of calumny,
When from her Sheets her lovely form she lifts,
She begs, you *just* would *turn* you, while she *shifts*.

Those charms are greatest which decline the fight,
That makes the Banquet poignant, and polite.

There

There is no woman, where there's no reserve;
And 'tis on plenty your poor lovers starve.

But with the modern Fair, meridian merit
 Is a fierce thing, they call a *nymph of spirit*.
 Mark well the rowlings of her flaming eye,
 And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.
 “ Or if you take a Lyon by the beard, *
 “ Or dare defie the fell *Hyrkanian Pard*,
 “ Or arm'd Rhynoceros, or rough *Russian Bear*,
 First *make your will*; and then *converse* with Her.
 This Lady glories in profuse expence,
 And thinks *distraction* is *magnificence*.
 To beggar her gallant is *some* delight,
 To be more fatal still, is *exquisite*.
 Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?
 In *duel* fell two lovers, one run *mad*.

* *Shakspear.*

Her



Her foes their honest execrations pour ;
Her lovers only should *detest* her more.
Thrice happy they ! who think I boldly *feign*,
And startle at a Mistress of my brain.

Flavia is constant to her old Gallant,
And generously supports him in his want.
But marriage is a fetter, is a snare,
A hell, no Lady so polite can bear.
She's faithful, she's observant, and with pains
Her angel-brood of *bastards* she maintains.
Nor least advantage has the Fair to plead,
But that of *guilt*, above the *marriage-bed*.

Amasia hates a Prude, and scorns restraint ;
Whate'er she is, she'll not appear a saint :
Her soul superior flies formality,
So gay her air, her conduct is so free,

Some

Some might suspect the nymph not over-good—
Nor would they be mistaken, if they shd'.

Unmarried *Abra* puts on formal airs;
Her cushion's thread-bare with her constant prayers.
Her only grief is that she cannot be
At once engag'd in *prayer*, and *charity*.
And *this*, to do her Justice, must be said,
“Who would not think that *Abra* was a maid?”

Some Ladies are too beauteous to be wed,
For where's the man that's worthy of their bed?
If no disease reduce her pride before,
Lavinia will be ravish'd at threescore.
Then she submits to venture in the dark;
And nothing now is wanting—but her spark.

Lucia thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an *ideot*; but she eats in *plate*. The

The goods of fortune, which her soul possess,
Are but the ground of unmade happiness ;
The rude material ; *Wisdom* add to this,
Wisdom the sole artificer of bliss.

She from herself, if so compell'd by need,
Of this content, can draw the subtle thread ;
But (no detraction to her sacred skill)
If she can work in gold, 'tis better still.

If *Tullia* had been blest with half her sense,
None cou'd too much admire her excellence.
But since she can make error shine so bright,
She thinks it vulgar to defend the right.
With understanding she is quite o'er-run ;
And by too great accomplishments undone.
With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever most divinely in the wrong.

Naked

Naked in nothing should a woman be,
But veil her very *wit* with *modesty*;
Let man *discover*, let not her *display*,
But yield her *charms of mind* with sweet *delay*.

For pleasure form'd, perversely some believe,
To make themselves *important*, men must grieve.

Lesbia the fair, to fire her jealous Lord,
Pretends, the Fop she laughs at, is ador'd.
In vain she's *proud* of secret innocence,
The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.

Mira endow'd with every charm to bless,
Has no design but on her husband's *peace* ;
He lov'd her much, and greatly was he mov'd
At small inquietudes in her he lov'd.

“ *How charming this?* — The pleasure lasted long;
Now every day the fits come thick, and strong;
At last he found the Charmer only *feign'd*,
And was diverted, when he *should* be pain'd.

What

What greater vengeance have the Gods in store ?
How tedious life, now she can *plague* no more ?
She try her thousand arts, but none succeed :
She's forc'd a fever to procure *indeed* :
Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous, loving *wife*,
Her husband's *pain* was dearer than her *life*.

Anxious *Melania* rises to my view,
Who never thinks her Lover pays his due ;
Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore ;
Her Majesty, to-morrow, calls for *more*.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As unoil'd hinges, querulously shrill.
“ You went last night with *Celia* to the ball.”
You prove it false. “ Not go? that's worst of all.”
Nothing can please her, nothing *not* inflame ;
And arrant *contradictions* are the *same*.

K

Her

Her Lover must be *sad*, to please her spleen,
His *mirth* is an inexpiable sin.
For of all *Rivals* that can pain her breast,
There's *one*, that wounds far deeper than the rest ;
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful shelf
Is, if her Lover dares enjoy himself.

And this, because she's exquisitely fair,
Should I dispute her beauty, how she'd stare ?
How would *Melania* be surpriz'd to hear
She's quite deform'd ? and yet the case is clear.

What's female beauty, but an air divine
Thro' which the mind's all-gentle graces shine ?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between ;
The body *charms*, because the soul is *seen*.
Hence, men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace ;
Some forms, tho' bright, no mortal man can *bear* ;
Some, none *refuse*, tho' not exceeding fair.

Aphasia's

Aphasia's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read,
Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,
But to be *teaz'd* by her own excellence.
“ Folks are so awkward ! things so unpolite ! ”
She's *elegantly* pain'd from morn to night.
Her delicacy's shock'd where-e'er she goes,
Each creature's *imperfections*, are her woes.
Heav'n by its favours has the fair distrest,
And pour'd such blessings—that she *can't* be blest.
Ah ! why so vain, tho' blooming in thy spring,
Thou *shining, frail, ador'd, and wretched* thing !
Old age *will* come, disease *may* come before,
Fifteen is full as mortal as *threescore*.
Thy fortune, and thy charms may soon decay ;
But grant these *fugitives* prolong their stay,

Their basis totters, their foundation shakes,
Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks ;
Then, *wrought* into the soul let virtues shine,
The *ground* eternal, as the *work* divine.

Julia's a manager, she's born for rule,
And knows her *wiser* husband is a *fool* ;
Assemblies holds, and spins the *subtle thread*
That guides the lover to his fair one's bed ;
For difficult amours can smooth the way,
And tender letters *dictate*, or *convey*.
But if depriv'd of such important cares,
Her wisdom condescends to less affairs.
For her *own* breakfast she'll *project* a *scheme*,
Nor *take* her *Tea* without a *stratagem* ;
Prefides o'er *trifles* with a *serious* face,
Important by the virtue of *grimace*.

Ladies supremam among amusements reign,
By nature born to *sooth*, and *entertain* ;
Their *prudence* in a share of folly lies,
Why will they be so *weak*, as to be *wise*.

Syrena is for ever in extremes,
And *with a vengeance* she commands, or blames.
Conscious of her disconcernent, which is good,
She strains too much to make it understood.
Her *judgment* just, her *sentence* is too strong;
Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong.

Brunetta's wise in actions great, and rare ;
But scorns on *trifles* to bestow her care.
Thus ev'ry hour *Brunetta* is to blame,
Because the occasion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a *trifle*, tho' it small appear ;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year ;

And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die, before you truly live.

Go breakfast with *Alicea*, there you'll see
Simplex munditiis, to the last degree.
Unlac'd her stays, her night-gown is unty'd,
And what she has of head-dres is aside.
She drawls her words, and waddles in her pace ;
Unwasht her hands, and much besnuff'd her face.
A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd she loves,
And would draw on jack-boots, as soon as gloves.
Gloves by queen *Bess* maidens might be mist,
Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female fist.
Lovers beware ! to wound how can she fail
With scarlet finger, and long jetty nail ?
For *H——y* the first *wit* she cannot be,
Nor cruel *R——d* the first *toast* for thee ;

Since

Since full each other station of *renown*,
Who would not be the greatest *Trapes* in town?
Women were made to give our eyes delight,
A female sloven is an odious sight.

Fair *Isabella* is so fond of *fame*,
That her *dear-self* is her eternal theme ;
Thro' hopes of contradiction oft she'll say,
" Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day!"
When most the world applauds you, most beware ;
'Tis often less a *blessing*, than a *snare*.
Distrust *mankind*; with your own *heart* confer;
And dread even *there* to find a flatterer.
The breath of *others* raises our *renown*,
Our *own* as sure blows the pageant down;
Take up no more, than you by worth can claim,
Lest soon you prove a *bankrupt* in your *fame*.

But own I must, in this perverted age,
Who most *deserve*, can't always most *engage*.
So far is Worth from making glory sure,
It often hinders what it *should* procure.
Whom praise we *most*? the virtuous, brave and wise?
No; wretches, whom in secret we despise.
And who so blind, as not to see the cause?
No rival's rais'd by such *discreet* applause;
And yet, of credit it lays in a store,
By which our spleen may wound *true* worth the more.

Ladies there are who think *one* crime is *all*;
Can women, then, no way but *backward* fall?
So sweet is *that one* crime they don't pursue,
To pay its loss, they think *all* others *few*.
Who hold that crime so dear, must never claim
Of injur'd modesty the sacred name.

But

But *Clio* thus. "What, railing without end?
" Mean task! how much more generous to com-
Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
My kind *instructor*, and *example* too.

" *Daphnis*, says *Clio*, has a charming eye:
" What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry?
" *Aspasia's* shape indeed—but then her air—
" The man has parts who finds destruction, there.
" *Almeria's* wit has something that's divine;
" And wit's enough—how few in all things shine?
" *Selina* serves her friends, relieves the poor—
" Who was it said *Selina's* near threescore?
" At *Lucia's* match I from my soul rejoic'd,
" The world congratulates so wise a choice;
" His lordship's rent-roll is exceeding great—
" But mortgages will sap the best estate.
" In *Sherley's* form might cherubims appear,
" But then—she has a freckle on her ear."

Without

Without a *but*, *Hortensia* she commends,
The first of women, and the best of friends ;
Owns her in person, wit, fame, virtue bright ;
But how comes this to pass ? — she dy'd last night.

Thus nymphs commend, who yet at Satire rail ;
Indeed *that's* needless, if *such* praise prevail ;
And whence such praise ? our virulence is thrown
On others fame, thro' fondness for our *own*.

Of rank, and riches proud, *Cleora* frowns ;
For are not *coronets* akin to *Crowns* ?
Her greedy eye, and her sublime address
The height of *avarice*, and *pride* confess.
You seek perfections worthy of her rank ;
Go, seek for her perfections at the Bank.
By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontrol'd,
For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold.

As

As fond of five-pence, as the veriest *Cit*,
And quite as much detested, as a *Wit*.

Can gold calm *passion*, or make *reason* shine ?
Can we dig *peace*, or *wisdom* from the mine ?
Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
To make our *fortune*, than our *happiness*.
That happiness which great ones often see,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
Themselves unblest: the poor are *only* poor ;
But what are they who *droop* amid their store ?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of *state* ;
The *happy* only are the truly *great*.
Peasants enjoy like appetites with Kings,
And those best satisfied with cheapest things.
Could both our *Indies* buy but one new *sense*,
Our envy wou'd be due to large expence.
Since not, those pomps which to the great belong
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.

See,

See, how they beg an alms of flattery ?

They languish ! oh support them with a *lye* !

A *decent competence* we fully taste ;

It strikes our *sense*, and gives a constant feast :

More, we perceive by dint of *thought* alone ;

The rich must *labour* to possess *their own*,

To feel their great abundance ; and request

Their humble friends to *help* them to be blest ;

To *see* their treasures, *bear* their glory told,

And *aid* the wretched impotence of gold.

But some, great souls ! and touch'd with warmth
Give *gold* a *price*, and teach its *beams* to *shine*. [divine,

All *boarded* treasures they repute a load,

Nor think their wealth *their own*, till well bestow'd.

Grand *reservoirs* of publick happiness,

Thro' *secret* streams diffusively they *bless* ;

And while their bounties glide conceal'd from view,

Relieve our *wants*, and *spare* our *blushes* too.

But

But Satire is my task, and *these* destroy
Her gloomy province, and malignant joy.
Help me, ye misers! help me to complain,
And blast our common enemy, G——n:
But our *invectives* must despair success,
For next to *praise*, she values nothing less.

What picture's yonder loosen'd from its frame?
Or is't *Afuria*? that affected dame?
The brightest forms, thro' *Affectation*, fade
To strange *new* things, which *nature* never made;
Frown not, ye fair! so much your sex we prize,
We hate those *arts* that take you from our eyes;
In *Albucinda's* native grace is seen
What you, who *labour* at perfection, mean.
Short is the rule, and to be learnt with ease,
Retain your gentle selves, and you *must* please.

Here,

Here, might I sing of *Memmia's* mincing mein,
And all the movements of the soft machine :
How two red lips affected *zephyrs* blow,
To cool the *bobeas*, and inflame the *beau* ;
While one white *finger*, and a *thumb*, conspire
To lift the *cup*, and make the *world* admire.

Tea ! how I tremble at thy fatal stream ?
As Lethe, dreadful to the *love of fame*.
What devasta~~tions~~ on thy banks are seen ?
What *shades* of mighty names which once have been ?
A Hecatomb of characters supplies
Thy painted altars daily sacrifice.
H—P—B— asperst by thee, decay,
As grains of finest sugars melt away,
And recommend thee more to mortal taste :
Scandal's the sweetner of a *female* feast.

But

But this inhuman triumph shall decline,
And thy revolting *Naiads* call for *wine* ;
Spirits no longer shall serve *under thee* ;
But reign in thy own cup, *exploded Tea* !
Citronia's nose declares thy ruin nigh ;
And who dares give *Citronia's* nose the lye? *

The Ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health, and virtue, blam'd;
At length to rescue man, the generous laſs
Stole from her consort the pernicious glaſs.
As glorious as the *British* queen renown'd,
Who ſuckt the poyſon from her husband's wound.
Nor to the glaſs alone ate nymphs inclin'd,
But every bolder vice of bold mankind.

O *Juvenal!* for thy ſeverer rage!
To laſh the ranker follies of our age.

Are there among the females of our isle
Such faults, at which it is a fault to *smile*?
There are. Vice, once by *modest nature* chain'd,
And *legal ties*, expatiates unrestrain'd,
Without thin *decency* held up to view,
Naked she stalks o'er *law*, and *gospel* too.
Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,
Men sigh in vain, for *none*, but for their *wives* ;
Who *marry* to be *free*, to range the more,
And wed one man, to wanton with a score.
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis stedfast hate,
And one eternal tempest of debate.
What foul eruptions from a look most meek ?
What thunders bursting from a dimpled cheek ?
Their *passions* bear it with a lofty hand ;
But then, their *reason* is at due command.
Is there whom you detest, and seek his life ?
Trust no soul with the secret----but his wife.

Wives

Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And ask, what kindred is a *spouse* to them?

What swarms of amorous *grandmothers* I see?
And *Misses*, *antient* in iniquity?
What blasting whispers, and what loud declaiming?
What lying, drinking, bawding, swearing, gaming?
Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence,
Such griping avarice, such profuse expence,
Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes,
Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times,
Such venal faith, such misapply'd applause,
Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws,
Such dissolution thro' the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but Chaos of mankind.

Since *Sundays* have no balls, the well-drest *Belle*
Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of *bell*;

And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all,
 Who listen less to *C——n*, than *St. Paul*.
 Atheists have been but rare, since nature's birth;
 'Till now, she-atheists ne'er appear'd on earth.
 Ye men of deep researches, say, whence springs
 This daring character, in timorous things,
 Who start at *feathers*, from an *infest fly*,
 A match for nothing—but the *Deity*.

But not to wrong the fair, the muse must own
 In this pursuit they court not *fame* alone;
 But join to that a more substantial view,
 " From thinking free, to be free agents too.
 They strike with their own hearts, and keep them
 In complaisance to all the fools in town. [down,
 O how they tremble at the name of *prude*?
 And die with shame, at thought of being *good*?

For

For what will *Artimis* the rich and gay,
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, say?
They Heav'n defie, to earth's vile dregs a flave,
Thro' cowardice, most execrably brave.
With our own judgments durst we to comply,
In virtue should we live, in glory die.
Rise then, my muse, in honest fury rise,
They dread a Satire, who defie the skies.

Atheists are few; most nymphs a godhead own,
And nothing but his *attributes* dethrone.
From Atheists far, they stedfastly believe
God is, and is almighty—to forgive.
His other excellence they'll not dispute;
But mercy, sure, is his chief attribute.
Shall pleasures of a short duration chain
~~A lady's soul in everlasting pain?~~
Will the great author us poor worms destroy,
For now and then a *sip* of transient joy?

No, he's for-ever in a smiling mood,
He's like themselves; or how cou'd he be good?
And they blaspheme who blacker schemes suppose—
Devoutly, thus, *Jehovah* they depose
The *pure!* the *Just!* and set up in his stead
A Deity, that's perfectly *well bred.*

- “ Dear *T—I-n!* before the best of men;
- “ Nor thought he more, than thought great *Origen.*
- “ Tho' once upon a time he misbehav'd;
- “ Poor *Satan!* doubtless he'll at length be sav'd.
- “ Let priests do something for their one in ten;
- “ It is their *trade;* so far they're honest men.
- “ Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,
- “ And dress their notions, like themselves, in *black;*
- “ Fright us with terrors of a world *unknown,*
- “ From joys of this, to keep them all their own.
- “ Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a *fee;*
- “ But then they leave our *untytb'd virtue* free.

“ *Virtue's*

" *Virtue's a pretty thing to make a show,*
" *Did ever mortal write like Rochefoucaut?*
Thus pleads the devil's fair apologist,
And pleading, safely enters on his list.

Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain ;
Nature disjoins the *beauteous*, and *prophane*.
For what's true beauty, but fair virtue's *face*?
Virtue made *visible* in outward grace ?
She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,
The more she *charms*, the more she *shocks* mankind.

But charms decline ; the Fair long Vigils keep :
They sleep no more ! * *Quadrille* has murder'd sleep.
" Poor *K—p* ! cries *Livia*; I have *net* been there
" These two nights ; the poor creature will despair.
" I hate a crowd——but to do good, you know —
" And people of condition shou'd bestow.

* *Shakespear.*

Convinc'd, o'ercome, to *K*—*p*'s grave matrons run
 Now *set* a daughter, and now *stake* a son;
 Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly;
 And beggar half their race——thro' charity.

Immortal were we, or else mortal *quite*,
 I less shou'd blame this criminal delight;
 But since the gay assembly's gayest room
 Is but an upper story to some tomb,
 Methinks we need not our *short* beings shun,
 And, *thought* to fly, *contend* to be undone.
 We need not buy our *ruin* with our *crime*,
 And give *eternity* to murder *time*.

The love of gaming is the worst of ills,
 With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills,
 Inveighs at heav'n, neglects the ties of blood,
 Destroys the pow'r, and will of doing good,
 Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,
 And what is still more dreadful—spoils your face.

See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,
The *scandal*, and the *ruin* of our isle !
And see, (strange sight!) amid that ruffian band,
A form divine high wave her snowy hand;
That rattles loud a small enchanted box,
Which loud as thunder on the board she knocks.
And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation shook,
From *Æolus*'s cave impetuous broke ;
From this small cavern a mixt tempest flies,
Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies !
For men, I mean, the Fair discharges none ;
She (guiltless creature !) swears to heav'n alone.

See her eyes start ! cheeks glow ! and muscles swell !
Like the mad maid in the *Carian* cell.
Thus that divine one her soft nights employs !
Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys !
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her aking head,

With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,
The *die* spins lovely, or the *cards* go round ;
Imaginary ruin charms her still,
Her happy lord is cuckol'd by *Spadil* :
And if she's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one,
He marks the forehead of her *darling* son.

O scene of horror, and of wild despair !
Why is the rich *Atrides*' splendid heir
Constrain'd to quit his antient lordly seat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat ?
Why that drawn sword ? and whence that dismal cry ?
Why pale distraction thro' the family ?
See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
And trembling servants from the tempest creep.
Why that gay *son* to distant regions sent ?
What fiends that *daughter*'s destin'd match prevent ?
Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid ?
O nothing, but last night——my lady play'd.

But

But wanders not my Satire from her theme?
Is *this* too owing to the love of *fame*?
Though, now, your hearts on *lucre* are bestow'd;
'Twas, first, a *vain devotion* to the *mode*.
Nor cease we *here*, since 'tis a vice so strong;
The torrent sweeps all womankind along.
This may be said in honour of our times,
That, none, now stand *distinguish'd* by their crimes.

If sin you must, take nature for your guide,
Love has some soft excuse, to sooth your pride;
Ye fair apostates from love's antient pow'r!
Can nothing *ravish* but a *golden show'r*?
Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize?
Must *Cupid* learn to *punt*, ere he can *please*?
When you're enamour'd of a *lift* or *caft*,
What can the *preacher* more, to make us *chast*?
Can *fame* like a *repique*, the soul entrance?
And what is *virtue* to the lucky *chance*?

Why

Why must strong youths *unmarry'd* pine away?
They find no woman disengag'd—from play.
Why pine the *marry'd*? O severer fate!
They find from play no disengag'd—estate.
Flavia, at lovers false *untouch'd*, and *hard*,
Turns pale, and trembles at a *cruel* card.
Nor *Arria's* bible can secure her age;
Her threescore years are shuffling with her Page.
While *death* stands by, but 'till the game is done,
To sweep *that stake*, in justice, long *bis own*;
Like old cards ting'd with sulphur she takes fire;
Or, like snuffs sunk in sockets, blazes higher.
Ye Gods! with *new* delights inspire the fair;
Or give us *sons*, and save us from despair.
Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, *tradesmen* close
In my complaint, and brand your sins in *prose*:
Yet I believe, as firmly as my creed,
In spite of all our wisdom, you'll proceed.

Our

Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,
Advice to *right*, confirms us in the *wrong*.
I hear you cry, " this fellow's very odd."
When *you* chaste, who would not kiss the rod?
But I've a charm your anger shall controul,
And turn *your eyes* with coldness on the *vile*.

The charm begins! To yonder flood of light
That bursts o'er gloomy *Britain*, turn your sight.
What guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your souls with
Her Deeds are precepts, her example, law. [awe?
'Midst empire's charms, how *Caroline's* heart
Glows with the love of *virtue*, and of *art*?
Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,
Excess of goodness! it has dawn'd on me:
When in my page, to ballance numerous faults,
Or godlike deeds were shown, or generous thoughts,
She smil'd, *industrious* to be pleas'd, nor knew
From whom my pen the borrow'd lustre drew.

Thus

* Thus the majestick mother of mankind,
 To her own Charms most amiably blind,
 On the green margin innocently stood,
 And gaz'd indulgent on the chrystral flood ;
 Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave,
 And smiling, prais'd the beauties which she gave.



† *In more than civil war, while patriots storm;*
While Genius is but cold, their passion warm;
While publick good aloft, in pomp, they weild,
And private interest skulks behind the sheld,
While M—t, and W—ns rise in weekly might,
Make presses groan, lead senators to fight,
Exalt our coffee with lampoons, and treat
The pamper'd mob with ministers of state;

* Milton.

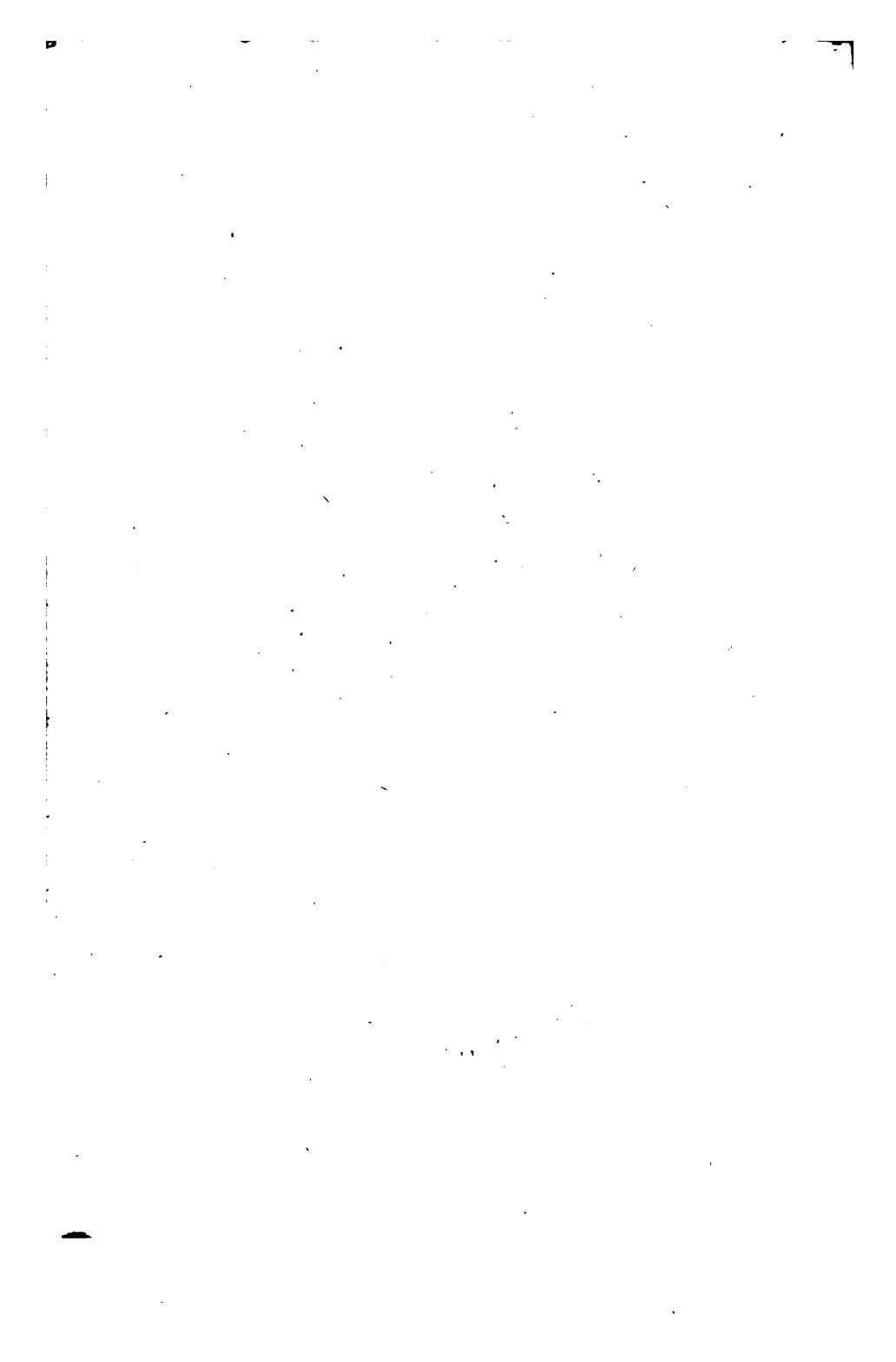
+ Lucan.

" While

“ * While Ate hot from hell makes heroes shrink,
“ Crys bavock, and lets loose the dogs of ink ;
Nor rank, nor sex escapes the general frown,
But ladies are ript up, and cits knock'd down ;
Tremendous farce ! where even the victor bleeds ,
And he deserves our pity, that succeeds ;
Immortal Juvenal ! and thou of France !
In your fam'd field my Satire dares advance ;
But cuts berself a track, to you unknown ,
Nor crops your laurel, but wou'd raise her own ;
A bold adventure ! but a safe one too !
For, though surpast, I am surpast by You.

* Shakespear.





LOVE of FAME,

THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

S A T I R E

THE LAST.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

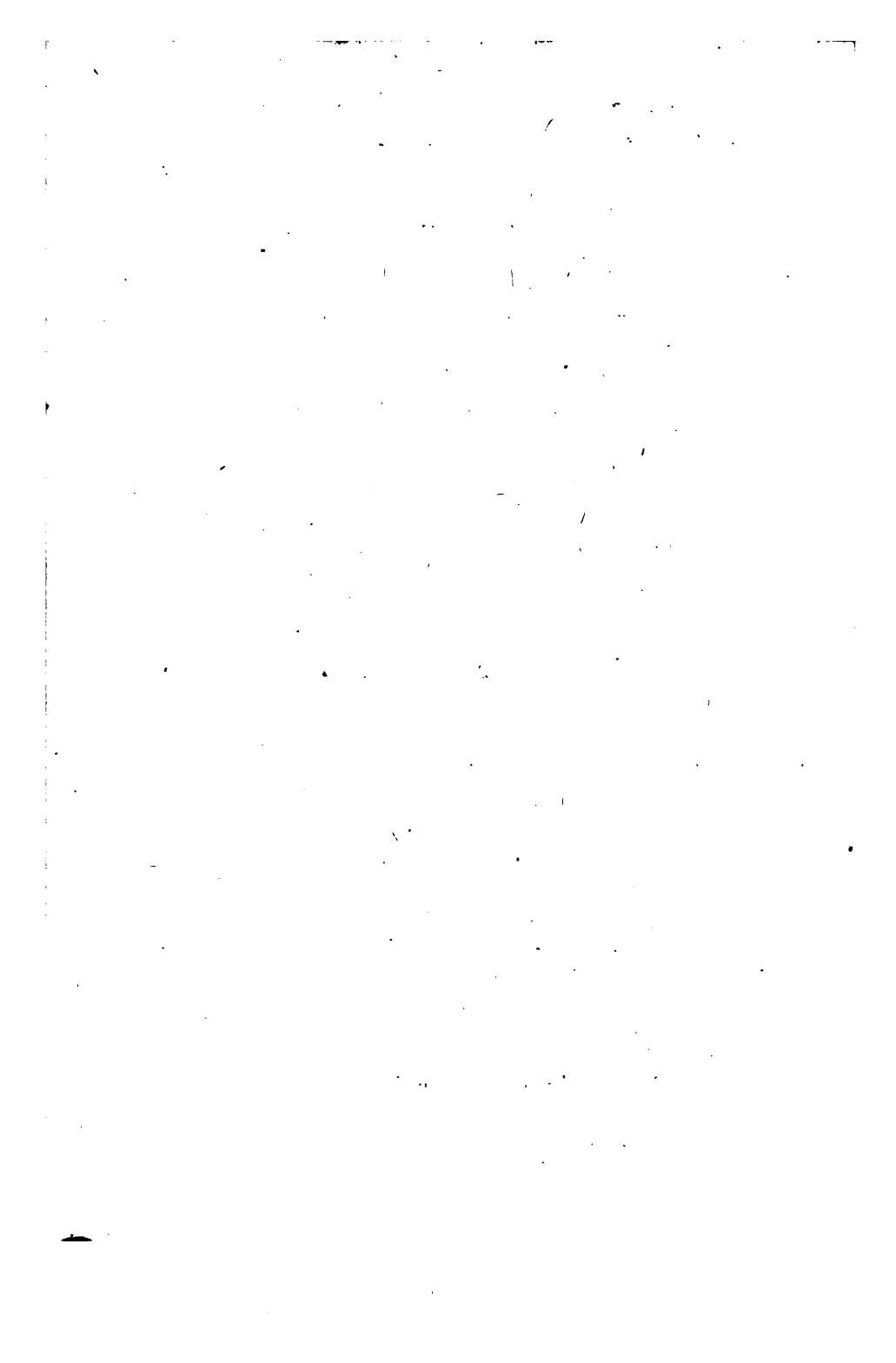
Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit IPSE, canemus.

Virg.

L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year MDCCXLI.





S A T I R E

T H E L A S T.

N this last labour, this my closing strain
Smile, *Walpole*, or the *nine* inspire in
vain.

To *tbee* 'tis due ; that verse how justly thine,
Where *Brunswick's* glory crowns the whole design ?
That glory, which thy counsels make so bright ;
That glory, which on thee reflects a light.
Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known !
To give, and take a lustre from the throne.

M

Nor

Nor think that Thou art foreign to my theme;
The fountain is not foreign to the stream.
How all mankind will be surpriz'd, to see
This flood of *British* folly charg'd on thee?
Yet, *Britain*, whence this caprice of thy Sons,
Which thro' their various ranks with fury runs?
The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless;
For caprice is the Daughter of *success*,
(A bad effect, but from a pleasing cause!)
And gives our Rulers undefign'd applause;
Tells how their conduct bids our *wealth* increase,
And lulls us in the downy lap of *peace*.

While I survey the blessings of our Isle,
Her *arts* triumphant in the Royal smile,
Her publick *wounds* bound up, her *credit* high,
Her *commerce* spreading sails in every sky,
The pleasing scene recalls my theme agen,
And shew the madness of ambitious men,

Who,

Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murd'ring sword,
And burn to give mankind a single Lord.

The Follies past are of a private kind,
Their sphere is small, their mischief is confin'd ;
But daring men there are (awake, my muse,
And raise thy verse) who bolder frenzy chuse ;
Who stung by glory, rave, and bound away ;
The *world* their Field, and *human-kind* their Prey.

The Grecian chief, th' Enthusiast of his pride,
With Rage, and Terror stalking by his side,
Raves round the globe ; he soars into a God !
Stand fast, *Olympus* ! and sustain his nod.
The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miseries, and pains.
What slaughter'd *borts* ! what *cities* in a blaze !
What wasted *countries* ! and what crimson *seas* !

With orphans tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose.

And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise
The boyst'rous boy, and blast his guilty bays?
Why want we then encomiums on the *storm*,
Or *famine*, or *volcano*? they perform
Their mighty deeds, they Hero-like can slay,
And spread their ample desarts in a day.
O great alliance! O divine renown!

With *dearth*, and *pestilence* to share the crown.
When men extol a wild Destroyer's name,
Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.

One to destroy is murder by the law,
And Gibbets keep the lifted Hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal Fame.

When after battel I the field have seen
Spread o'er with ghastly shapes, which once were men;

A *nation* crush'd! a nation of the *brave*!
A realm of death! and on this side the grave!
Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,
This *human chaos*, carry smiles away!
How did my heart with indignation rise!
How honest nature swell'd into my eyes!
How was I shockt, to think the Hero's trade
Of such materials *fame*, and *triumph* made!

How guilty These? yet not less guilty They,
Who reach false glory by a smoother way;
Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,
And bows, and smiles, more fatal than their swords;
Who stifle *nature*, and subsist on *art*,
Who coin the *face*, and petrify the *heart*;
All real kindness for the shew discard,
As marble polish'd, and, as marble hard,

Who do for gold what christians do thro' grace,
" With open arms their enemies embrace."
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;
" The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine."
Or, if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd,
And, in their height of kindness, are unkind.
Such *courtiers* were, and such again may be,
Walpole, when men forget to copy thee.

Here cease, my muse! the *Catalogue* is writ,
Nor one more candidate for *fame*, admit,
Tho' disappointed thousands justly blame
Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim.
Be this their comfort, fools omitted here
May furnish laughter for another year.
Then let *Crispino*, who was ne'er refus'd
The *justice* yet of being well abus'd,

With

With patience wait; and be content to reign
The pink of puppies in some future strain.

Some future strain, in which the Muse shall tell
How science dwindle, and how *volumes* swell.

How commentators each *dark* passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the *sun*.

How tortur'd texts to speak our sensē are made,
And every vice is to the scripture laid.

How misers squeeze a young, voluptuous peer,
His sins to *Lucifer* not half so dear.

How *Verres* is less qualify'd to steal
With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal.

How lawyers' fees to such excess are run,
That clients are redrest, 'till they're undone.

How one man's anguish is another's sport,
And even denials cost us dear at court.

How man eternally false judgments makes,
And all his joys and sorrows are *mistakes*.

This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,
Which I, like summer-flies shake off again,
Let others sing; to whom my weak essay
But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey.
That duty done, I hasten to compleat
My own design; for *Tonson's* at the gate,

The Love of Fame in its *effects* survey'd
The Muse has sung; be now the *cause* display'd:
Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,
What is this Power, whom all mankind obey?
Shot from above, by heaven's indulgence came
This generous ardor, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raise, to deify mankind,
Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,
Wise *laws* were fram'd, and sacred *arts* were found;

Desire

Desire of praise first broke the *patriot's* rest,
And made a bulwark of the *warrior's* breast;
It bids *Argyle* in fields, and senates shine.
What more can prove its origin divine?

But oh! this passion planted in the soul
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,
The flaming minister of *virtue* meant,
Set up false Gods, and wrong'd her high descent.

Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
Of blots, and beauties an alternate source;
Hence *Gildon* rails, that Raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcases of wit;
And in art-loving *Scarborough* is seen
How kind a Patron *Pollio* might have been.

Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,
And into *coxcombs* burnishes our fools;
Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,
And *Newton* lifts above a mortal height;

That

That key of nature, by whose wit she clears
Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.

Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
Why, and in what *degrees*, Pride sways the soul ?
(For tho' in all, not equally, she reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains.

Ye Doctors! hear the doctrine I disclose,
As true, as if 'twere writ in dullest prose ;
As if a letter'd dunce had said “ ‘tis right,”
And *imprimatur* usher'd it to light.

To *glorious deeds* this passion fires the mind ;
And closer draws the ties of humankind,
Confirms *society* ; since what we prize
As *our chief blessing*, must from *others* rise.

Ambition in the *truly-noble mind*
With sister-virtue is for ever joyn'd ;

As

As in fam'd *Lucrece*, who with equal dread
From guilt, and shame, by her last conduct fled ;
Her virtue long rebell'd in firm distain,
And the sword pointed at her heart in vain ;
But, when the slave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her side, her love of fame obey'd.

In meaner minds Ambition works alone,
But with such art puts virtue's aspect on,
That not more like in feature, and in mein,
* The God and Mortal in the comic scene.
False *Julius*, ambusht in this fair disguise,
Soon made the *Roman* liberties his prize.

No mask in basest minds Ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her ass's ears ;
All I have fung are instances of this,
And prove my thense unfolded not amiss.

Ye *vain* ! desist from your erroneous strife ;
 Be wise, and quit the false *sublime* of life,
 The *true* ambition there alone resides,
 Where *justice* vindicates, and *wisdom* guides ;
 Where *inward* dignity joins *outward* state,
 Our *purpose* good, as our *achievement* great ;
 Where publick *blessings* publick *praise* attend,
 Where glory is our *motive*, not our *end*. [view
 Would'st thou be *fam'd* ? have those high deeds in
 Brave men would act, tho' *scandal* should ensue.

[flame ;
 Behold a Prince ! whom no swoln thoughts in-
 No pride of thrones, no fever after fame ;
 But when the welfare of mankind inspires,
 And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
 Proud conquest then, then regal pomps delight ;
 Then crowns, then triumphs sparkle in his sight ;

Tumult

Tumult and noise are dear, which with them bring
His people's blessings to their ardent king :
But, when those great heroic motives cease,
His swelling soul subsides to native peace ;
From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A sudden foe to splendor, and applause,
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
"Till men, and angels joinly shout his name.
O pride celestial ! which can pride disdain ;
O blest ambition ! which can ne'er be vain.

From one fam'd *Alpine* hill, which props the sky,
In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,
Here burst the *Rhone* and sounding *Po*, there shine
In infant rills the *Danube* and the *Rhine* ;
From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,
Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.

In

In *Brunswick* such a source the Muse adores,
 Which publick blessings thro' half *Europe* pours.
 When his heart burns with such a godlike aim,
 Angels and *George* are *rivals* for the Fame;
George, who in foes can soft affections raise,
 And charm envenom'd Satire into praise.

* Nor *human* rage alone his pow'r perceives,
 But the mad *winds*, and the tumultuous *waves*.
 Even storms (death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,
 And, in their own wild empire, learn to spare.
 Thus, *nature-self*, supporting *man's* decree,
 Styles *Britain's* sovereign, sovereign of the *sea*.

While *sea* and *air*, great *Brunswick*! shook our
 And sported with a king's, and kingdom's fate,^[state],
 Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and prest with fear,
 Of ever losing what she held most dear,

* *The King in danger by sea.*

How

How did *Britannia*, like **Achilles*, weep,
And tell her sorrows to the *kindred deep*?
Hang o'er the floods, and in devotion warm,
Strive, for thee, with the surge, and fight the storm?

What felt thy *Walpole*, pilot of the realm ?
Our *Palinurus* † slept not at the helm,
His eye ne'er clos'd ; long since inur'd to wake,
And outwatch every star, for *Brunswick's* sake.
By thwarting passions tost, by cares opprest,
He found thy tempest pictur'd in his breast.
But, now, what joys that gloom of heart dispel,
No pow'rs of language—but his own, can tell;
His own, which *Nature* and the *Graces* form,
At will, to raise, or hush the *civil* storm.

* *Hom. Il. l. 1.*

† *Ecce Deus ramum Letheo rore madentem, &c. Virg. l. 5.*



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